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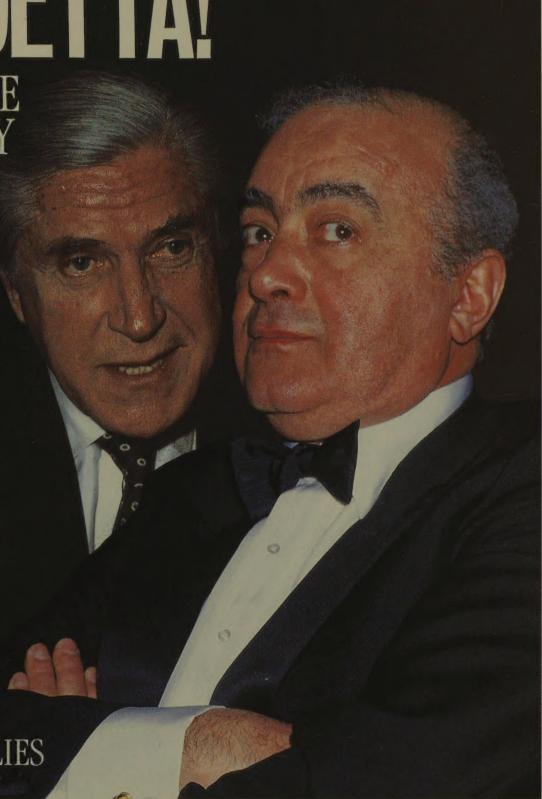
THE FARCE AND FURY OF THE TYCOON WAR

INGRAMS EYES THE USA

THE LYDIAN TREASURE

GORDON GETTY'S NEW TONE

FASHION: MODEL FAMILIES

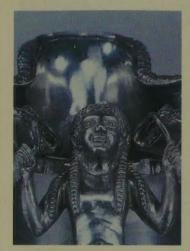


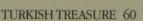


Quality in an age of change.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,

NUMBER 7070 VOLUME 275 SEPTEMBER 1987







GORDON GETTY AT HOME 34



ROYAL BIRTHDAY 21

COVER

Tiny Rowland, left, and Mohamed Al-Fayed. Photographs by Universal Pictorial Press and Rex Features.

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Ordinary malt whiskies merely touch the lips.

But THE GLENLIVET® single malt whisky touches the soul.

Lauded in literature, verse, and music, in humour and philosophy, it has stirred the creative imagination of Scotsmen for generations.

One J. Scott Skinner was inspired enough to compose a whole song dedicated to THE GLENLIVET.

While his glass overflowed, his pen spilled lyrics:

SCOTT SKINNER'S made anither tune, The very dirl o't reached the moon, Till ilka lassie an' her loon

Commenced the dance fn' frisky, O!
The burden o' the sang was this—
"We never felt sic Lunar bliss;
Anither reel, an' syne a kiss,
Ower gude Glenlivet Whisky, O!"



When people weren't drinking The Glenlivet, they were singing its praises Executasons! to the Major drink Another Scottish writer went even of peatiness, softness and sweetness.

Freemasons! to the Major drink— We daurna speak, but we can wink, An' heaven be thankit, we can think,

An' thinkin, feel richt frisky, O! Lang may they thrive in stock an' store, Balmenach, Craggan, an' Minmore, An' I'll be up to ha'e a splore In gran' Glenlivet Whisky, O!

Praise indeed for the 'Grandfather of all Scotch.' But if THE GLENLIVET was music to Scott Skinner's ears, then to W.E. Aytoun it was nothing short of miraculous.

In the celebrated ballad 'The Massacre of Macpherson' Aytoun tells us that:

"Fhairson had a son
Who married Noah's daughter
And nearly spoilt ta flood
By trinking up ta water.
Which he would have done1, at least, believe it Had ta mixture been
Only half Glenlivet."

further . . . He was Christopher North and he believed THE GLENLIVET held the secret of of peatiness, softness and sweetness.

There are other fine malts, of course.

But none with enough romance and

eternal life! In his famous series of sketches for Blackwood's Magazine in 1827, he quoted James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd:

Gie me the real Glenlivet, and I weel believe I could mak drinking to the oot o' sea -water. The human mind never tires o' Glenlivet, any mair than o' caller air. If a body could just find oot the exac' proportion and quantity that ought to be drunk every day and keep to that, I verily trow that he might leeve for ever, without dying ata, and that doctors and kirkyards would go oot o' fashion.

Such eulogies quickly raised THE GLENLIVET to the legendary status it enjoys today.

It stands apart from other malts, with its distinctive 'nose' and unique subtle taste.

A smooth, mellow integration



Scotland's first malt whisky.

The millionaire and the tramp, and other stories

hile sitting in a traffic jam the other day I noticed a very old tramp making unsteady progress to some steps. With what seemed to be great difficulty, he sat down and began methodically to roll a cigarette. When the operation was completed he placed the cigarette in his mouth and lit it with a match. Instead of remaining on the steps to enjoy his smoke, he rose and walked over to a nearby waste bin where he placed the extinguished match. Then he returned to his place on the steps. It struck me that the tramp had done visibly more to keep Britain tidy than had Richard Branson, who was charged last year with what appeared to be a total redecoration of the country. His project, grandly called UK 2000, was launched with the enthusiastic backing of the Prime Minister, who had become exercised about the amount of litter in London after a visit to the much cleaner streets of Tel Aviv. Mr Branson did quite well inasmuch as he raised some £750,000 and arranged for the employment of 4,000 young people on one-year projects.

Apparently the Prime Minister is still dissatisfied. Since her visit to Tel Aviv she has been to Jamaica and discovered that Kingston is much tidier than London. Mr Ridley, the Secretary of State for the Environment, has been ticked off, while Branson, clearly feeling the Prime Minister's disappointment, has announced that he will resign his chairmanship of UK 2000 in six months' time. The Prime Minister has been a little unfair. The litter problem was not the main part of Branson's brief and only a tiny minority of the UK 2000 schemes were concerned with it. Besides, it is a great deal to expect some well-meaning but low-paid youngsters to solve a problem which defeats tens of thousands of local council employees every year. The solution, of course, does not lie in hugely publicized clean-up projects run by music-business millionaires. It lies in the behaviour of the tramp.

ver the last few years there has been a lot of discussion about constitutional crises. There was said to be a constitutional crisis over the boycott of the Commonwealth Games last year, and now the phrase is liberally employed to describe the difficulty between the Government, the judiciary and the Fourth Estate over the publication of Peter Wright's book, *Spycatcher*. Irrespective of the arguments involved in this dispute it is wrong to call it a constitutional crisis.

Vagueness over what is and what is not a constitutional crisis

derives in part from our lack of a meaningful written constitution. Over the coming months I shall be asking public figures to draft a Bill of Rights for publication in *The Illustrated London News*. But perhaps the *ILN* readership would like to have the first crack. The brevity and clarity required is by no means easy to achieve, but as an encouragement I offer a case of champagne for the best Bill received by October 30.

he cover of this issue features Tiny Rowland and Mohamed Al-Fayed, two very successful entrepreneurs based in London. They have often won praise for their daring and imagination but alongside these qualities they share a rare obsessiveness which has displayed itself in the extraordinary dispute over the sale of Harrods. Chris Blackhurst, a specialist writer on business affairs, has charted the course of their feud which began in March, 1985 when Mohamed Al-Fayed bought the store. It is a remarkable story which highlights the bizarre elements of their determination to thwart each other's business and personal affairs.

Equally fascinating is Melik Kaylan's article on the Lydian treasures which were discovered a little over 20 years ago in Turkey, not by archaeologists but by peasant grave-robbers who had little idea of what they had found. The outstanding metalwork is thought to be about 2,600 years old and is clearly priceless. It now forms part of the collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, but the Turkish government says that it is an important part of its national heritage and has commenced a legal action to retrieve the treasure.

A host of new writers enter the pages of the *ILN* this month: Richard Ingrams, the former editor of *Private Eye*, contributes a somewhat idiosyncratic view of America; Sarah Sands interviews Gordon Getty; Kevin Pakenham begins a regular column from the City; and the award-winning journalist Brian Appleyard takes an amused look at dramatic antics by American students at summer school in Oxford.

The other innovation this month is a redesigned guide to the best and worst of entertainment and arts in the capital. This replaces the listings which we felt grew less useful over the years because of the increasing number of comprehensive guides produced elsewhere every week. The guide will exercise a certain amount of judgment rather than including everything, regardless of quality. A small section will be devoted to events that readers should avoid at all costs, which seems to me to be a very valuable service indeed \bigcirc



avid Morris jewels have a huge following of enthusiastic fans in London and around the world. The jewels have a distinctive look: rich vet fun, classic but exciting, with a continental brand of glamour that Mr Morris has made his own in London. In his Conduit Street shop, some 17 years ago, following his own taste and admiration for French jewel design, he began to introduce a new fashion for fine jewels, gradually breaking through some of the traditional English reserve towards the wearing and making of jewels.

Now in his new and lavish shop, on the other side of Conduit Street, Mr Morris, friendly and unassuming, explained how he had begun as an apprentice goldsmith, some 30 years ago. He trained at the bench, then started his own small manufacturing company, selling to shops like Collingwood and Cartier. In the sixties, the majority of his business came from private commissions and recommendations. It was the time of the English property boom. Then in 1970, he opened his first shop in Conduit Street next door to the Westbury Hotel. He continued to manufacture at his workshops in Farringdon Road, then moved the whole operation into Conduit Street. Very soon, he opened a David Morris Room in Harrods, followed by several successful hotel shops in the Carlton Tower, The Churchill, and The Inn on the Park. In September 1984 David Morris moved to a much larger shop across the road in Conduit Street and the original shop became a Baume Mercier watch boutique.

A French interior designer and shop fitter were employed to decorate the new shop: "They achieved the impossible, the shop was set up within two months". The shop has just the right atmosphere of relaxed comfort and cool, chic opulence, and enough room to be able to "treat people the way they should be treated when they're buying jewels and presents from £100 to

£1/2million.

David Morris Jewels is still very much a family business. David Morris and his wife Suzette have been joined by their son Jeremy and his new wife Juliet, which has introduced another interesting aspect to the business; "My son Jeremy is a young designer. He's doing exactly what I used to do, running the wholesale manufacturing side of the company, and exporting jewels. We also have a franchise in a store in Tokyo. We're tackling the business at two ends". This is clearly important with today's fast shifting markets and redistribution of wealth around the world.

Over the years there has been a fascinating string of changes in markets affecting the jewellery business in the Bond Street area. Certainly over the past few years, London has been a thriving centre, but now the luxury retail shops who moved into the area to make the most of the boom are chasing a diminishing crowd of cus-

Now with political and economical uncertainties affecting trade, jewellers will have to be more enterprising and look for new markets such as the Chinese and Japanese, for example, who have marvellous taste and are discerning buyers.

David Morris would very much like to see the "old English clients back again". He hopes that possibly there will be an upsurge of business in England, with more money circulating in this country. He would also like to see a return of "the old steady shopping habits, instead of the erratic buying of foreign visitors.

He finds the English young executive market an interesting prospect: men and women in this country who are earning high salaries, who have disposable income and who like the good things

English taste is conservative, but said Mr Morris; "the English do have good taste, not extravagant but good taste. English style had a wild fling in the 1960s, with Andrew Grima and avant-garde designers." Since then however, the cultivation of a new English style has been eclipsed by the preferences of foreign buyers who loved opulent, expensive looking jewellery. "The English market has been steamrollered by the spending power of the Middle East. But the trade has also become complacent because of the Middle East business.

During the sixties English jewellers enjoyed a great deal of publicity, and Mr Morris feels that the trade could again do with help and support. This could come from magazines, and perhaps also from Princess Diana and the Duchess of York who have a great deal of influence, already support the fashion industry and could well do the same for the jewellery business.

The present David Morris clientele is very varied, international, and celebrity studded, and within his personal taste the jewels cater to different needs. But he feels jewels and watches should be reasonably classical. "One can be fairly extravagant in terms of design from £500-£5000" but after that it is best to choose classic, timeless jewellery. Mr Morris explained that the process of change in jewellery design is very slow, and that a good design, like a Rolls-Royce lasts a long

Gold is still fashionable; "I can't see a return to white gold or platinum. Gold is softer and easier to wear. I can see a lot more semi-precious jewellery being worn, steel and gold, haematite, crystal and gold, which all make large, flattering pieces of jewellery for not too much money

Talking of subjects of the heart, Mr Morris stressed the important role played by his wife. They buy together, and Mrs Morris, with her warm and suitably sparkling personality is very good at organising the shop, staff, publicity and advertising. They are both absorbed in the family business, which has brought them a great deal of excitement, travel, and fascinating clients over the years. Does David Morris still love the business? "When it goes well," he joked. "I must tell you: one thing about our business is that you never know from one day to the next, in the depths of depression, just who is going to walk through the door. And your worst year can turn into your best year with one client".



Above The David Morris Workshop

Left Earrings of lace design, in diamonds and 18ct. yellow gold. Necklace of lace design, in diamonds and 18ct. yellow gold. Eternity ring of heart-shaped diamonds in 18ct. yellow gold. 18ct. yellow gold eternity ring, set with two rows of heart-shaped diamonds. Fine pear-shaped diamond ring in pavé snake setting. Natural yellow and white pear-shaped diamond cross-over ring. Exceptional natural yellow and white pear-shaped diamond cross-over ring. Natural orange, white and blue marquise diamond ring, set in 18ct. yellow gold.

DAVID MORRIS

VIVIENNE BECKER TALKS TO DAVID MORRIS ABOUT HIS THIRTY YEARS AS A **GOLDSMITH AND HIS** VIEWS ON THE **JEWELLERY BUSINESS TODAY**

What does a Rolls-Royce cost? Backing your hunch - with your home. The years without a holiday. Risking your health for the health of the business. Late nights in the office when your contemporaries were in the pub. Listening to the advice of your stockbroker. Putting it back into the business when Not listening to the advice of your stockbroker. everyone was taking it out. Refusing to give up when the finance ran down. The school sports days you never saw, Not leaving the bridge when things got rough. The friendships you had to leave behind.

Paying a bonus to everyone except yourself.

Keeping your nerve when all around were losing their shirts.



The Bank Holidays at Heathrow.

Missing your children's first steps into the world.

Handicapping your golf instead of your business.

Dropping out of university to do your own thing.

And actually doing it.

Buying into dockland when everyone thought it was wasteland.

Demanding excellence in everything you do.

And a lot more than most are prepared to give.

Rolls-Royce Motor Cars Limited

What makes men nervous of this woman?

Men come out badly from Fay Weldon's novels. "They find failings in their loved one . . . when the failing of course is in themselves," she writes in her latest book, *The Hearts and Lives of Men*. Stan Gebler Davies suggests that men should not be afraid to read on.

FAY WELDON believes that virtue is rewarded, kindness repaid and evil punished—though hardly ever as one would expect. Cast thy bread upon the water. This makes her a moralist, and we know what happens to moralists. They win praise, are tempted by fame and money and eventually, unless they are very careful, they are criticized.

Mrs Weldon's attitude could be termed "gnocentric" and there is every lastification for making women the centre of her world, seeing that by that emphasis she has produced so many excellent novels and dramas. But she makes men—some, anyway—terribly nervous. Most nervous are those who like to imagine that women are really only chaps with breasts and a slight tendency towards periodic hysteria.

personic hysteria. Many gentlemen attempt to skate through life acting according to this proposition, avoiding trouble by ignoring it and presuming that female behaviour, when different from male, is the consequence of mild insanity, best treated by a kindly and tolerant indulgence. No wonder women activen mad, and all ends in tears.

These gentlemen might be better off not reading Mrs Weldon, and indeed many do not. Her new publishers, Collins, having paid a £450,000 advance for the British rights to her next three novels, have deployed market research and come to the conclusion that she is insufficiently targeted at male buyers, whatever that means.

In the retargeting, they may have their work cut out. Here are some quotations from Mrs Weldon's latest novel, *The Hearts and Lives of Men*, published by Heinemann on September 7

"Arrogant behaviour, just about acceptable in he male, sits badly on the female." Clifford believed, as does many a man, that he was central to the lives of all the women around him ... men are so romantic, don't you think? They look for a perfect partner when what they should be looking for is perfect love. They find failings in their loved one (of course they do! Who's perfect? They're not!) when the failing of course is in their own inability to perfectly fore...

"Those of you who have been paying good attention will have seen how Clifford, in the name of love, deals our misery and disfillusion to the women in his life ... Money can't buy me love," as the Beatles were singing at the very time we speak of They were only party right. Men do seen were only party right. Men do seen the world is! ... If men were like children, as some women say, it is certainly more true in this respect than others—that they are happier when obliged to behave like the little guests at a birthday party, strictly

You can see how Mrs Weldon can buttonhole her readers and how some, most particularly the men among them, might not care to be hauled up quite so short. The men in her fictions do, by and large, behave atrociously, which does not, of course, prevent their women from loving them and suffering accordingly. Still, one does not particularly wish to be reminded of one's own swinish behaviour and it is uncomfortably impossible for any male who has not led a life of exemplary celibacy to read Fay Weldon without frequent pangs of guilt as one comes across descriptions of bad behaviour which are, in retrospect, all too familiar. (Mrs Weldon does tell us that it is possible to learn how to be good, and indeed one might if one paid sufficient attention to her novels.)

This does not mean that Mrs. Weldon has it in for men. They are essential to the happiness and well-being of women—and if this seems an unexceptionable statement, consider for a moment how many male novelists would proclaim the timerse of it, that no man is trilly whole without a woman. Not many, I think, and only the best.

Mis Weldon has herself been married 25 years to Ron, once an antique dealer and now a jazz trumpeter and farmer who lives in Somerset where she spends weekends working at her writing, the rest of the time in London. She has four sons, three of them his, the youngest aged 10. She will be 36 on September 22. (This is according to the date of birth given lateral transport of the control of the Linversity of California. Her age is elsewhere offered as 50. which is fair

"Those of you who have been whying good attention will have seen to Clifford, in the name of low. Worestershire and went to school in near to meet in this life... Money cant buy who will be a common in this life... Money can though the common and by the common and by the common and the comm

An earlier marriage, which produced a son, Nick, now aged, 2, broke up. She met Ron Weldon at a party and went home with him the very first night. They have been together ever since. Towe at first sight, "she writes in The Hearts and Lives of Men," is a real enough the lites of people, is a real enough the lites of people. All Helen and Clies of Men, and the content when were in bed and in each other's arms the better. Well, so it is for the luckiest of the policy of the produced when the same the better. Well, so it is for the luckiest of up.

Mrs Weldon believes not so much in luck as in "synchronicity", though it is not a word she uses in her fic tions, preferring coincidence. She must have come across it in Carl Jung during her studies at St Andrews. There is not, in the Jungian universe, any such thing as a coincidence. Nor is there, really, in Mrs Weldon's. It is more a question of the bread having been cast upon the waters. It comes back with the tide. The right, or wrong, people are always in the right, or wrong, places at the right, or wrong times. It is a device of authors which often jars but since it is as much a part of her philosophy as her technique ("Listen, reader, we all know that these things happen") it is not intrusive and is rather charming.

in The Hearts and Lives of Men in privace jet containing the hero Ciliford, the heroine Helen and a bright young thing called Nell, is hijacked Nell, is justed to the conceiled from us for the last 20 chapters high he had not turned up, just then, and just in time to end the book, we should not have known that Nell was the long lost ... Well, I won't give he plot away but a happy ending was promised from the very beginning has promised from the very beginning.

This latest novel, her 12th, was written originally as 46 weekly episodes in Woman magazine. She wrote each chapter as it was due. This was the habit of Dickens and Thackeray; it has the advantage that the author is paid at least twice for

Fay Weldon: not a public person.



his, or her, efforts, but of course it takes guts to do it. Imagine having to invent a new fiction every week. Some of us never manage to invent a passable fiction in our entire lives.

Mrs Weldon is often bitten by critics for her apparent facility, and for her success. The £450,000 rankled with many, though it is not a huge sum when one considers what is paid to the authors of rubbish. At a Booker Prize dinner four years ago she lambasted the assembled publishers present for being cheap and mean. They are, of course, precisely that but do not like being told so by mere writers. The only way to deal with them is to get rich and famous, as she has done.

She has the slight tendency to lecture the rest of us (who does not?). But she does not hector. She says she was elected as a feminist spokeswoman without having nominated herself, and she declines to take part in public debate. She is quite right to do so since we should all prefer that she got on with her writing.

One has had enough of writers pontificating. Her work for television, both original and in adaptation (*The Lives and Loves of a She Devil, Heart*

of the Country), has been hugely popular and that is a good thing because it is excellent. Her political opinions are in any case of no great consequence. Why should they be? We have enough polemicists already, but few of them can write like Fay Weldon. Her opinions would, I fear. be uninteresting. "What right have I to be happy," she asked once in public, "when there is India?" Sublime idiocy often goes with great gifts and ignorance with profound wisdom. Mrs Weldon (page 144 of The Hearts and Lives of Men) thinks that Benjamin Franklin was a Victorian philosopher and scientist who electrocuted himself by flying a kite.

I met her twice, speaking of "synchronicity", or coincidence. The first occasion was when she and Ron, uninvited, turned up at a party of mine in Primrose Hill 20 years ago. One did, in those days. I thought Ron might possibly turn out to be the source of cheap antiques and promised to read Fay's first novel, *The Fat Woman's Joke*, which had just come out. I was sorry after I had read it that I had not made a fuss of her. One often makes such mistakes.

Perhaps not. She does not like fuss. Next time we met, at dinner, about 1980, she being an old friend of my then current lover, it transpired she had not read my glowing review of *Puffball*, her latest novel. She does not like reading about herself. "How wise!" as she would say. Many writers claim they do not read their reviews and I do not believe them. I do believe that she does not. This, readers, is very rare.

I think our conversation consisted mostly of gossip, which is the habit of good writers. The bad ones talk about literature. Mrs Weldon reminds me in this respect of Jennifer Johnston and Molly Keane. The three of them, by the way, and although no one has asked me my opinion, are our best living novelists. It cannot be coincidence that all three are women. Perhaps it is because men have forgotten how to tell stories and abdicated their responsibility to those peculiar creatures whom so many of them decline to understand.

So long as the ladies continue to write I shall be happy. I can only advise men not to be so frightened of them \bigcirc

Grain to crack all records

IT'S SEPTEMBER, the harvest is nearly home, but spare a thought for the wheat farmer stumping around his 3,000 acres of designer veldt somewhere in East Anglia.

This is a tricky time to be a grain baron: the land is flat, the hedges have gone and the harvest is huge. But 1987 will probably be the year he and thousands like him finally become victims of their own excess. Many will soon begin counting the rewards of a harvest experts predict will break all records and crack the 26 million tonne barrier. The main reward for the grower: double the market price for all he produces. This, of course, is due to an economic system seemingly inspired by pools winner Viv Nicholson—"subsidy, subsidy, subsidy,"

Masses of wheat and barley would be fine if anybody wanted it. Unfortunately, the only people who might want it are too poor to afford it. The reason they cannot afford it is because we pay our farmers double the world price to produce it.

A harvest over 20 million tonnes is going to be highly embarrassing. The farming élite may ponder as they pack for that Kenyan safari advertised in Farming News just how long the gravy train can keep running. Mrs Thatcher made it clear at the July summit of European heads of government: enough is enough. Farmers-those shrewdest exploiters of the Common Market-must expect to face the cold wind of market forces, alien to the agricultural lexicon since Britain joined, and stop taking up 74 per cent of the Common Market budget and 90 per cent of the rancour.

An efficient grain grower, who for the sake of argument and accuracy we can call Tom, will sell virtually whatever he produces straight into Common Market stores. Tom, once getting only 2 tonnes of wheat an acre back in 1974, now expects nearer 4 tonnes. The trouble is that every Tom, Dick, Hugo, Heinrich and Hymer, from Tunbridge Wells to Tulsa, is doing just as well. The result: a world grain glut.

That glut is filling stores, not stomachs. In fact, this is a great time to be in storage. The Common Market now pays as much to store unwanted food—wheat, barley, meat, butter—as the GNP of a modest-sized South American dictatorship.

The chairman of the House of Commons agricultural committee, Sir Richard Body, believes reform is urgent and inevitable: "There has to be something grotesquely wrong with a system which adds £11 a week to a family grocery bill, and which means that wheat we pay nearly

Players on the piste

IN LAST year's world petanque championship, the English team came a creditable 14th. The French, whose national game it is supposed to be, could manage only 19th. It was as if Brazil had beaten the West Indies at cricket

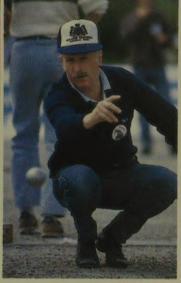
Coming off the cloud, it has to be admitted that the apparent English supremacy was a fluke. But it was right that England should be treated seriously as a petanque-playing country. The game of boule (the terms petanque and boule are often used interchangeably, though strictly petanque is one variety of boule) was, perhaps, invented here: Drake's bowling while awaiting the Spanish Armada was an early example.

Today, petanque is a steadily growing sport in Britain, especially in the south and south-east, with some 3,500 registered regular players and many thousands more who play occasionally (apart from the countless participants on beaches and front lawns). Nearly 250 clubs—mostly pub-based—play in the leagues.

The Piat-sponsored British Open, the finals of which are being played on September 12 in the sumptuous grounds of the National Trust's Osterley Park, is one of many competitions that now fill the petanque enthusiast's year. The game's attraction to sponsors—Piat have put in £75,000—is growing; it is only a matter of time before it becomes television's latest sporting craze.

Crossing the Channel transforms the Gallic game into something that is peculiarly British. The Gitanes





From French town squares to the Home Counties, petanque is a knock-out.

dangling from lower lips give way to filtered Marlboros; the glass of pastis or red wine becomes a pint of bitter; the lazy town square, traditional scene of French contests, is more likely to be an artificial pitch in the corner of a pub car-park. Sundrenched Provence gives way to sodden Surrey.

But the evocative click-click sounds are the same, as are the rules, and the vocabulary has remained largely French, even if expressed in Home Counties vowels. The carbon steel balls are boules, the little wooden target ball the cochonnet, or coche for short, the uneven playing terrain the piste. The English have even adopted merde as an expression of annoyance.

It is in tactics and style that differences are apparent. There are basically two types of bowling action: to point (pointer) and to shoot (tirer). In a team match, the specialist pointeur tries to get his boule as near as

possible to the *coche*, and nearer than his opponents' *boules*. The shooter (*tireur*) usually comes on the scene later. He is the skilful thug of the game, his task to remove an opponent's *boule* by smashing it out of the way. A talented *tireur* can not only remove an opponent's *boule* but leave his own precisely in its place.

The problem is that the British are not very good at shooting. Players here concentrate on getting nearest the *coche* rather than on dismantling the opponents' *boules*. It takes away much of the sheer exhilaration of the French game.

But then, it is early days. The British revival started only in the 1970s and the general standard is low ("on a good day, with all going well, we can beat a team of eight-year-old French girls" one pub player commented). But no longer will the French be able to treat British petanque with quite so much disdain

Marcel Berlins

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£100 a tonne for is then being sold to the Russians for about £19 just to get rid of it."

But despite the outrageous level of subsidies and almost universal public pillorying, little is likely to change in the short term. The French and Germans, who respectively run and pay for the Common Market, are scornful of British notions of good house-keeping. Supporting farmers, most of them small by British standards, is seen as a mark of civilization on a continent that, unlike carping UK, has often been ravaged by famine.

The powerful European farming lobby will, in the end, probably manage only to delay reform. As Oliver Walston, who farms 3,000 acres in Cambridgeshire, put it, the

medium future will be a time of squalls not storms. With a turnover of £1 million a year, any economies are more apparent than real: "Twelve months ago I ran a Porsche, now as a belt-tightening exercise it's a Volvo. Twelve months ago I employed nine tractor drivers, now I employ five."

Despite that, the son of SDP peer Lord Walston is worried that the greatest fear for farmers is fear itself: "All farmers are obsessed with the spectre of agricultural recession and everyone is dead scared about the future. As a result, land prices have fallen. What I bought for £3,000 an acre three years ago is now worth about £1,000, but rents and repayments keep going up."

Toby Moore

ants, bar and restaurant staff and other drivers of road vehicles. He thinks it is the latter group that most of us would find a bit hard. He himself has been a driver for 33 years and has a clean licence. "I have been fortunate," says the man who never lets an angry word pass his lips when at the wheel. If another motorist does something daft, he just might turn to his wife and mutter "What an idiot", but that is all.

Mr Gregory has received nearly 3,000 letters of inquiry about The Polite Society from all age groups. There have been pensioners from Bournemouth anxious to join, schoolchildren from Plymouth and housewives from Hove. The first 500 letters arrived within the first three weeks. Puzzled about the writers' reluctance to follow up their letters and become members, Mr Gregory wrote to 50 of his most enthusiastic inquirers. "They replied saying, 'We are worried we could not keep up your high standards,'" he told me, sadly.

Was it, I wondered, the reference in the code of conduct to swearing?—"I will abstain from conduct or language likely to cause embarrassment or offence." Would-be Polite Society members were, of course, too polite to specify.

He is encouraged that several schools have become members. Annual subscription is £5 (under 16, £2) and £20 for life. "Too many parents are either too busy or too selfish to bring up their children with good manners," he says, adding that it is not a criticism but an observation. His teenage daughter says his code does not comply with her feminist views, and objects to the mention of treating women with "especial courtesy, observing habits of chivalry towards them".

When I telephoned, Mr Gregory's youngest son answered. He told me that he was naturally polite and therefore had no need to join his father's Society. But Mrs Gregory is a supporter, although she is glad that her husband has at last transferred correspondence from the diningroom table to a new desk she was forced to buy.

Already the Society has named Shrewsbury and Newton Stewart in Scotland as the top two most courteous towns. It has launched a "courtesy enterprise scheme" to encourage businesses to treat members of the public politely. ("We send somebody along with just a few simple tests of courtesy, to make sure that each business registered is as polite as it thinks," explains the founding father.)

Soon, Mr Gregory plans a Day of Courtesy (or a polite pause, as he calls it) to try to cut down road accidents. When the Society ran a contest to find the politest MP in the general election campaign, Mrs Thatcher topped the bill, with Shirley Williams in second place, and Jack Ashley, the Labour MP for Stoke-on-Trent, third.

The Labour MP is deaf. I wondered if it were easier to be polite if you could not hear all that was going on? I did not like to ask Mr Gregory. He might have thought me impolite \bigcirc

Ann Steele

Blessed with manners



Man of manners, Ian Gregory, founder of the year-old Polite Society.

Potential members are put off by his high standards.

IAN GREGORY is a man with a gentlemanly mission. His aim, he says, is simple. "I want to put common courtesy back into British life."

A year ago this month, the 53-yearold Congregational minister of Basford, in Staffordshire, launched The Polite Society, asking people to "make a personal commitment to self-control and discipline, in the face of the many and great pressures of our time".

Nearly 500 have done so. Ian Gregory, who supplements his small

ministerial stipend by working as a sub-editor three days a week on *The Leek Post & Times*, will not admit the response has been disappointing. "The trouble is," he sighs, "people do not believe they can live up to our code of conduct."

The code begins with the words "I will at all times be courteous to those with whom I have personal dealings", mentioning members of the family, people whom one consults professionally, one's clients, patients and customers, tradesmen, shop assist-

New lines on party politics

PARTY conferences come back, like the Eumenides with a franchise, to catch up with us. We are, thank God, out of the narrow Brighton-Blackpool plod. The Liberals are throwing their party in lovely Harrogate and the SDP travel with melancholy originality to Portsmouth.

Conservative Conference is a levée, a chance to gawp and a combined service exercise. Last year there were police marksmen on the roof, a gunboat in the bay in Bournemouth, helicopters and numerous out-of-town policemen. This year? Well, perhaps the most we shall hear are a few squeaks against the poll tax.

Obviously the Alliance will be talking about the Alliance. The ballot is through and the Liberal rank and file have been set free to engage in the open pillorying of David Owen that they have been longing for.

As for the SDP itself, the wisdom of Bill Rodgers and his friends in working for absorption promises the utmost bitterness. We may be seeing the farewell speeches of three members of the original gang as they walk away. Whatever happens, Portsmouth for the SDP will be a bitter counterpoint to Llandudno 1981, that Liberal Assembly to which the SDP leaders strolled along to attend a fringe meeting at the Pier Pavilion which created the Alliance. This time it will be either absorption or divorce and, thanks to the three meddlers, an idea will find that its time has gone for

What may come as a surprise is the possible conflict at Brighton. The dividing line which matters in the Labour Party is not the one splitting the eccentric left from everybody else. It is the chasm dividing pragmatic politicians. The Kinnock leadership, sealed-off, highly projected and convinced that it has saved Labour from hopeless marginalization, may try a bounce which will make David Steel's little initiative look tentative. The drive for the Americanization of the Labour Party, pre-echoed in that election call not to vote "Labour" but "Kinnock", will resume in the belief that only a party on the lines of the US Democrats can stay in the electoral game. The conflict will be called "Left v Right," but in reality it will be working-class traditionalists pitted against those chasing the rising middle-class vote. This is the conference to watch C

1987 Conferences: SDP, Portsmouth, Aug 30-Sept 2. Liberal, Harrogate, Sept 13-18. Labour, Brighton, Sept 28-Oct 2. Conservative, Blackpool, Oct 6-9.

Edward Pearce



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Cycling the earth



The Oriental team in Grangzhou, China, on their journey west.

PEDALLING to work along the King's Road, secretary Adria Stubbs was approached by fellow cyclist Miranda Spitteler. "Fancy cycling round the world?" she asked. From such unlikely beginnings Miss Spitteler, 25, co-founder two years ago of Four Corners World Bike Ride, recruited eight women and seven men, aged 18 to 43, who set off last winter in four groups from Bolivia, Zimbabwe, Hong Kong and Melbourne, Australia. Their routes cover 42 countries and approximately 30,000 miles and end in September when the four teams converge on Amsterdam before a joyous return to London.

They are raising money and recognition for a British-based charity, Intermediate Technology, which helps Third World countries develop their own skills and resources to fight poverty and hunger. The cyclists' panniers carry the minimum equip-

ment—maps, water bottles, sleeping bags, tents, clothes, repair tools, first aid—but are padded out generously with literature for IT.

Even 200-mile practice runs in Britain cannot have prepared them for the rides they have faced—from the extremes of high altitude on the foothills of the Himalayas, the Andes and Kilimanjaro, to the searing heat of the Sahara or Baja California deserts. Cycling flat out, on a good day, they can cover up to 120 miles; on a bad day, as few as 10. The record for punctures has been on the Americas Route—probably the toughest of the four—when the team of four had 100 in 11 days.

In China, where cyclists outnumber motorists, the Oriental team's space-age gear and outrageous goggles attracted enormous attention. In Japan they enjoyed brief stardom when they appeared with a pop group on television. Throngs of cyclists have joined all the teams for short distances: welcoming committees of 1,000 turned out in New Delhi and Mexico City.

It was in Mexico that one of the few accidents occurred. As Thomas Harding languished on an operating table in a badly equipped hospital. after being knocked down by a hitand-run motorist, Meryl Channing was sent out to buy a drip and sutures. Twenty-six stitches in his forehead did not deter Thomas from rejoining the others in San Diego three weeks later. He had already charmed himself out of a scrape in Peru where he had been arrested for taking a picture of an oil refinery. A group photograph of the local constabulary secured his release.

A sense of humour must be a prerequisite to survive the rigours of the ride and illnesses, which have particularly plagued the Asian team. Norman Carr's report home from the African Trail runs the gamut of grisly afflictions: "Noses, lips and ears burnt to a crisp, malaria, chronic diarrhoea, suppurating wounds, backache, nosebleeds, strained knees, altitude sickness, blisters, mosquito bites, tsetse flies, hornet stings, cockroaches, rabid dogs, vicious monkeys..."

Reunited in Amsterdam, the heroes will be joined by at least 1,000 supporters for a ride starting on September 19 via Harwich to Colchester. Thousands more will cycle with them the following day on the last leg, to London's Docklands. The day will culminate in an Island Ride on the Isle of Dogs, and there will be international music and entertainments in Millwall Park—a fitting tribute to the ambassadors of a charity that deserves worldwide attention \bigcirc Four Corners is at West India House,

Four Corners is at West India House, Millwall Dock, E14 (01-987 5453).

Joanna Willcox

Soviet star for English opera

AN ENGLISH teacher who, some 30, years ago, taught a Russian schoolboy to sing "Polly Wally Doodle" and many other traditional songs would have been surprised to learn that she was laying the foundations for a future star of the Kirov Opera in Leningrad to appear as a guest artist with English National Opera in London. When Bizet's *Pearl Fishers* opens on September 21 at the Coliseum, the baritone role of Zurga will be sung by Sergei Leiferkus, a leading member of the Kirov Opera which last month paid its first visit to Britain.

I spoke to the singer in his dressing room at the Royal Opera House during the intervals of the first performance of Eugene Onegin. His busy schedule meant that he was appearing twice as Onegin and three times as Tomsky in The Queen of Spades in the space of seven days in London. When the Kirov tour continued to Manchester and Birmingham, he planned to begin working with an English coach on the role of Zurga, between performances of the two Tchaikovsky operas which have a

special place in his repertoire. There was little time this summer for him to work in the garden of his dacha outside Leningrad where he spends holidays with his ballet dancer wife and his 19-year-old son.

Leiferkus clearly remembers with affection his "nice English teacher" who recognized the potential of his voice and advised his grand-mother that he should be taught to sing. Although on leaving school he had to take a job in a factory as a metalworker, he continued his vocal training while singing in choirs. Then in 1965 he gained a place at the Leningrad conservatory and studied there for seven years before joining the city's Maly Theatre, where he worked his way up from singing small parts to become principal baritone. While singing the role of Giorgio Germont in La traviata he was heard by an American critic who gave him his first notice in a western publication, an event he recalls with evident satisfaction.

His apprenticeship completed, he was invited to join the Kirov Opera as

a principal and made his début in 1978 as Prince Andrei in Prokofiev's War and Peace. His western début followed four years later, when the enterprising Wexford Festival secured him for Massenet's Grisélidis, and the impact of his superb voice and arresting stage presence impressed all who heard him.

At the Kirov, where Leiferkus is now permanently based, he sings all the main Verdi baritone roles, Rossini's Figaro, Escamillo, Don Giovanni—all in Russian—and a number of contemporary Soviet works, as well as the Tchaikovsky roles which he sang with such distinction in London. Although his repertory encompasses both heroic and lyric baritone parts, he seems to lean temperamentally towards the latter, his Kirov Onegin displaying more tenderness than we are wont to see in the character.

Zurga, the pearl fisher who sacrifices his own love and his life for his friend and rival, Nadir, should suit him down to the ground.

Margaret Davies

Help for Britain's hedgehogs

WHEN Beatrix Potter created Mrs Tiggy-Winkle she came close to the truth about hedgehogs. They may not be "excellent clear-starchers" in cotton bonnets, but they really are enchanting creatures. They do not suck milk from cows, neither do they raid chicken coops—it is physically impossible for a hedgehog to crack open a chicken's egg. As to their fleas, they may jump on you, but they won't stay and they won't bite.

The Complete Hedgehog (published by Chatto & Windus on September 28, £6.95), bristles with curious information. It is written by Les Stocker, who runs a hedgehog hospital-St Tiggy-Winkle's-at Aylesbury in Buckinghamshire. About 1,000 road casualties are rushed there every vear. Damaged legs are common, requiring amputation, but apparently hedgehogs can live happily with three legs. One of Mr Stocker's patients arrived with a broken jaw, a broken leg and a hernia. The vet wired the jaw, plastered the leg and operated on the hernia. Since then, Earthquake, as he was called, has returned to the wild. Present patients at Aylesbury include 50 orphans which will be hand-reared by Mr Stocker and his wife.

Hedgehogs adore food. Mr Stocker advises that cows' milk disagrees with them—tinned pet foods are much better. At St Tiggy-Winkle's an adult hedgehog consumes one tin of dog or cat food a day. And they are most particular—it has to be Co-op liver-flavoured Supermeat or Pedigree Puppy Chum. It costs about £2.50 a week to keep a hedgehog, though they make unhappy pets and will stay only temporarily. Patients at the hospital stay for an average six to eight weeks and it is possible to sponsor one of these for £10.

Before leaving a saucer of bread and milk on the doorstep at night, think again. The book advises on a variety of alternative diets for hedgehogs. As for cow's milk Mr Stocker offers a new theory on the suckling myth. Rather than reaching for milk, the hedgehogs are aiming for a quick bite—hence stories about scars on cows' teats. The author has seen hedgehogs attack ducks, even a Canada goose, and eat a full-grown dead pigeon.

Hearty appetites are matched by enormous thirst. Hedgehogs need



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Prowting Estates Ltd., Breakspear House, Bury Street, Ruislip, Middlesex HA4 7SY vast amounts of water and many died of dehydration in the summer of 1984. For those who should ever find themselves nursing a hedgehog, the book explains how to pick them up, unroll them, how to deal with ticks and worms, and how to provide good nesting conditions.

The Save the Hedgehog campaign is concerned that this prickly, pigsnouted mammal is becoming an endangered species. The number of road casualties is decreasing, but that is because there are fewer hedgehogs about. The creatures will travel up to 2 miles a night in search of food so it

is not surprising that vast numbers have met their deaths on the road. Others die in rubbish dumps and insecticides also take a toll.

The Germans, with their Green consciences, even stock hedgehog food in their supermarkets—food for hedgehogs that is, not hedgehogflavoured crisps. Such devotion may not catch on here, but it is hoped we can do something for the hedgehog before Mrs Tiggy-Winkle is all we have left

St Tiggy-Winkle's, 1 Pemberton Close, Aylesbury, Bucks.

Sally Richardson

Rich day for Ascot

BRITISH horse breeding and racing will be on display at Ascot on September 26. Extensive promotion for the industry as entertainment has meant that the six-race meeting will be the most valuable ever staged in the European calendar £629,000 at stake.

Called a Festival of British Racing, the idea has come from a consortium of breeders and stallion managers who have formed a company called Supporters of British Horse Racing Ltd. The chairman of this non-profitmaking group is Sir John Astor, who believes that it will provide "an incentive for the best European horses to race against each other in Europe in the autumn". However, it is also hoped that American horses will be encouraged to visit Ascot; Rhydian Morgan-Jones, the company's managing director and chairman of the British Federation of Bloodstock Agents, has said he will pay travelling expenses for any American horse he considers good enough to come over and challenge the Europeans.

This will be the first event of its kind held in Britain, with £186,000 of



Supporters' chairman, Sir John Astor.

the prize money contributed by the Supporters, and the bulk coming from business sponsors. In return the Supporters will receive extensive coverage in a lavish colour brochure advertising stallions, to be published on the day and a week before the prestigious Highflyer yearling sales at

This display of self-help by the racing industry (without any extra injection of the precious Levy Board money) can only do good for the risky bloodstock business. Prospects look healthier for British breeders after a fall in prices in recent yearsthe number of racehorses sold at public auctions in Britain and Ireland reached 10.000 for the first time in 1986, and at the end of this season Derby winner Reference Point will join Dancing Brave at Dalham Hall Stud in Newmarket.

Centrepiece of the meeting will be the Queen Elizabeth II Stakes, run over a mile, now upgraded to Group One status and worth £240,000. The field is likely to include Ian Balding's Irish 1.000 Guineas winner Forest Flower. Other races include the Hoover Fillies' Mile and the Royal Lodge Stakes (both for two-year-olds and each worth £100,000), the Group Three Trusthouse Forte Diadem Stakes and the £95,000 Tote Festival Handicap. This provides an even stronger card than those staged during Royal Ascot, Diamond Stakes day or even the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe meeting at Longchamp.

The timing of the festival is also more likely to suit European-trained horses which will have been in action since April and which are, therefore, not necessarily at their peak in late November for the multi-milliondollar Breeder's Cup races in the United States-witness the failure of Dancing Brave in California last year. The Ascot day has been touted as a possible rival to the Breeder's Cup but this is unlikely and the lure of the dollar could mean that some trainers will attempt to race horses at both

Apart from appealing to racing's purists, the meeting will include a strong element of fun, with bands, a Welsh male voice choir and various side-shows. The Supporters have also subsidized entry to the Silver Ring enclosure which will cost just £1 and where a large video screen will facilitate viewing. Stable lads and girls have not been forgotten either, with £100 on offer for those in charge of both the winners and the best turned-out horses

Racing needs such promotions if it is to compete with other forms of entertainment. The good news is that the Supporters of British Racing are planning a three-year venture which could be held at different courses each year. It would be good to see other sponsors backing smaller festivals at lesser courses. As Sir John Astor adds, "This special day is original and different and we hope it will prove attractive to every section of the racing public.'

Simon Horsford



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FOR THE RECORD

Colonel Oliver North confirmed that he had authorized the former British SAS officer and security expert. Major David Walker to perform "military actions" to help the Nicaraguan Contras. The disclosure came during the Iran/Contra congressional committee hearings. On July 15 Admiral John Poindexter, the former National Security Adviser, declared that it was his duty to protect President Reagan and that he had never informed him about the secret diversion of funds to Nicaragua

At least £13 million were thought to have been stolen during a raid on the Knightsbridge Safe Deposit Centre by two armed men.

Neil Kinnock reorganized his Shadow Cabi. net-Roy Hattersley took over responsibility for home affairs; John Smith became Shadow Chancellor: Gerald Kaufman, foreign affairs: Bryan Gould, trade and industry and Gordon Brown, shadow chief secretary to the

Bob Hawke's Labor Government won the Australian general election for the third time. Tuesday, July 14

More than 72 people died and 250 were injured as two car bombs exploded in the centre of Karachi, Wednesday, July 15

Sir John Donaldson, Master of the Rolls reversed a High Court ruling which cleared The Independent, the London Daily News and The London Evening Standard of contempt for publishing allegations of treason by the former MI5 officer Peter Wright. The Court of Appeal also said newspapers could be in contempt if they published extracts from the book Sovcatcher even though it had already gone on sale in America. However, on July 24 the Court of Appeal said newspapers could publish summaries of the Wright allegations but they still could not publish extracts

Ian Posgate, a former Lloyd's underwriter. was among five senior City executives arrested after police investigations involving a £55 million fraud

British Satellite Broadcasting, the new three-channel television service, signed a 15year contract with the Independent Broadcasting Authority enabling it to start transmitting throughout the UK by autumn, 1989.

Up to 44 people were thought to have been killed when a wave of mud and rocks swept through a camp site at Le Grand-Bornand in the French Alps. On June 19 at least 14 people were killed when a mudslide destroyed several houses in the northern Italian town of

Thursday, July 16

British Airways and British Caledonian announced that they would merge in a £237 million deal. On August 6 Lord Young, the Trade and Industry Secretary, said the takeover would be referred to the Monopolies

Five police officers were isited for between 18 months and four years at the Old Bailey for an attack on a group of north London school-

Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, said that remission of some prison sentences would be increased from a third to a half as part of a drive to cut the population in Britain's overcrowded cells. The prison population had reached record levels of 50,029

Friday, July 17 France and Iran severed diplomatic relations itical cartoonist, was shot and severely injured

following a reduction in the British. West German and Italian missions in Tehran

A man was arrested after firing at the Leo nardo da Vinci cartoon in the National Gallery with a shotgun. The picture, The Virgin and Child with St Anne and the infant St John the Baptist, valued at £5 million, was slightly damaged. The gallery said they hoped to have it back on show within a few months.

Mrs Thatcher, on a visit to Washington to "encourage and prompt" President Reagan after the Iran-Contra scandal, declared on US television that "I believe he is a great leader. America is the flagship of freedom . . . She must sail into the sunrise and not look back at what may or may not have happened."

Southwark equality officers said they were investigating whether there were enough Irish residents in the London borough who spoke only Gaelic to justify translating housing advice

Amir-Hussein Amir-Paruiz, London chairman of the National Movement for Iranian Regist. ance and a leading opponent of the Khomeini regime, was seriously injured when a bomb exploded in his car in Kensington High Street. A group calling itself the Guardians of the Islamic Revolution claimed responsibility.

Yorkshire miners voted to end a three-day strike which brought 14,000 men out at 14 pits over sackings under British Coal's new disciplinary code

Professor Anibal Cavaço Silva's Social Democratic Party won the Portuguese general

British golfer Nick Faldo won the Open Championship at Muirfield

The United Nations Security Council called on Iran and Iraq to implement an immediate ceaselire or face the prospect of an international arms embargo. The Iranians rejected A London magistrate criticized the

American pop group The Beastie Boys for wearing car badges as fashion accessories-a trend which has led to the "cannibalism" of

Tuesday, July 21

The American flag was hoisted on two Kuwaiti tankers as US warships prepared to escort the first convoy of reflagged vessels through the Strait of Hormuz and into the Gulf. Tehran Radio announced that if Iraq continued to attack Iranian tankers, Iran would retaliate against all shipping. The following day the two reflagged Kuwaiti sailed unchallenged through

The Nuclear Installations Inspectorate said that the Central Electricity Generating Board would have to spend millions of pounds by the end of the year on remedial work to bring the Bradwell nuclear power station in Essex to an acceptable safety standard.

MPs voted themselves a 21.9 per cent pay increase taking the salary of a backbencher to £22,548 a year.

The Home Office said 16 alleged Nazi war criminals had been traced to addresses in

Mikhail Gorbachev offered to dismantle all medium and shorter-range missiles in the Asian part of the Soviet Union. The White House welcomed the move.

Ali Naji Awad Al Adhami, a Palestinian pol-

outside the Chelsea offices of the Kuwaiti newspaper. Al Oahas Said Aquita, the Moroccan runner, became

the first man to break the 13 minute harrier for the 5,000 metres as he improved on his own world record with a time of 12mins 58.39secs in Rome.

Thursday, July 23

The Civil Aviation Authority said they would be spending £200 million in the next five years to re-equip Britain's air traffic control systems. This came in the light of increased air traffic, reports of a number of "air misses" and dissatisfaction among some controllers.

The anti-fur trade organization Lynx urged the Duke and Duchess of York to burn fur coats given to them by the Premier of Alberta to mark their first wedding anniversary during their tour of Canada. The coats were made of beaver and fox nelts

Friday, July 24

Jeffrey Archer won record libel damages of £500,000 against The Star newspaper for its allegations that he consorted with a prostitute. The Star said it would appeal against the An inquiry into the Zeebrugge ferry disaster

in March in which at least 188 died said that the Townsend Thoresen management was "infected by a disease of sloppiness". The ship's master was suspended for one year and a senior officer for two years. Following the report Paul Channon, the Transport Secretary. announced a series of measures which would make it a criminal offence for ferries to set out to sea with their doors open but he still faced demands from both sides of the House for action against the company. On July 29 Townsend Car Ferries were ordered to pay £400,000 towards the cost of the public

The American-flagged tanker Bridgeton was slightly damaged when it hit a mine 120 miles south-east of Kuwait. The White House said there was no question of immediate retaliation-they later agreed to reflag 11 Kuwaiti ships. On August 1 Britain and France rejected

US pleas to send minesweepers to the Guif. Robert Maxwell, publisher of Mirror Group Newspapers, said he was closing the London Daily News after only five months. Circulation had sunk to fewer than 100,000 conies a day

Moscow authorities declared the West Ger man pilot Mathias Rust would stand trial for landing his plane in Red Square in May after a

A man who believed himself to be a werewolf was arrested after being subdued by eight policemen in a four-hour struggle at Southend

Reference Point ridden by Steve Cauthen and trained by Henry Cecil won the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes at Ascot from Celestial Storm and Triptych.

Ahmez Khalifa, an Egyptian banker, died after being stabbed by thieves at his home in ghtsbridge. At least £100,000 worth of iewelry was stolen from a safe A national state of emergency was declared

in Greece during a heatwave which eventually claimed the lives of almost 1,000 people. Irish cyclist Stephen Roche won the Tour de

A cargo of monkeys caused severe disruption at Moscow's main airport when they escaped and started using the airport lifts.

Rising tension in the Gulf; the SDP votes to merge with the Liberals; Jeffrey Archer wins record libel damages; Spycatcher saga continues . . .





The Duchess of York wore the Canadian national emblem, a manle leaf, in her hair as she and

the Duke arrived in Toronto at the start of a 25-day tour of Canada. Left, the Prince and Princess of Wales joined in the celebrations for the Oueen Mother's 87th birthday. As always she received hundreds of bouquets. Far left, Imran Khan, the Pakistani captain

and all-rounder, marked his decision to retire from Test cricket by leading his side to their first

Democratic Party after party members voted to merge with the Liberals. series victory in this country. The Bank of England announced a one

point rise in bank base rates to 10 per cent. By close of trading on the following day £17 bilshipping to keep out of the Strait of Hormuz lion had been wiped off all shares quoted on the Stock Exchange and its "territorial waters" in the Gulf while a Friday, August 7 The Presidents of five Central American

including four Britons, Islamic Fundamenta-

Roy Gibson, the National Space Centre Chief,

resigned after Mrs Thatcher said that the UK's

space budget was unlikely to be increased in

The Government said that it had abandoned

the secret Zircon project to develop a British

electronic eavesdropping satellite. The Cabinet

Dr David Owen resigned as leader of the Social

lists were suspected.

Tuesday, August 4

Wednesday, August 5

Thursday, August 6

nations signed a regional peace plan which called for a ceasefire within 90 days in the Contra war in Nicaragua, the conflict in El Salvador and the guerrilla war in Guatemala. The European Commission said it would

take legal action against seven member states, abandoned after complaints by feminist including Britain, for failing to keep the purity groups and a lack of women willing to take of their water up to EEC standards. Saturday, August 8

American warships began escorting another convoy-this time of three reflagged Kuwaiti tankers through the Gulf

> At least 250,000 black miners went on strike in the main South African gold and coal mines in support of a wage demand.

Six people were killed and 18 were injured in a Melbourne suburb after a gunman opened fire on motorists and pedestrians. A teenage of Sousse and Monastir injuring 17 people ex-army cadet surrendered to the police O

Monday, July 27

Israeli commandos killed seven Shia Muslim militiamen in a seaborne raid on south

John Demjanjuk, the accused Nazi war criminal, denied that he had ever been at the Treblinka death camp or that he was the brutal guard known as Ivan the Terrible. He was giving evidence for the first time in his Jerusalem trial. In the Soviet Union a Nazi camp guard, Feodor Federenko, who was deported from the US in 1984, was executed for war crimes.

Frenchman Stephane Peyron became the first person to windsurf across the Atlantic The 3,300 mile journey from New York to La Rochelle, France took 47 days. Tuesday, Inly 28

At least 18 Sinhalese rioters were shot dead by security men as protests were staged in Colombo against a proposed Tamil peace agreement. The following day Rajiv Gandhi, the Indian prime minister, arrived in the country to sign a treaty with Junius Jayewardene, the

Sri Lankan prime minister, designed to merge the northern and eastern provinces of the island into one regional council, and give greater autonomy to the Tamil inhabitants. The agreement included the demand that

hostilities should end within 48 hours and that all arms held by Tamils should be surrendered in 72 hours. Three thousand Indian troops were drafted in to help keep the peace. On August 4 Velupillai Prabhakaran, the leader of the Tamil Tigers, the island's largest guerrilla group, agreed to hand over the weapons to the peace-keeping force.

British Airports Authority part-paid shares closed at 146p on the first day of Stock Exchange trading showing a 46p premium.

England and Pakistan drew the fourth Test match at Edghaston with Pakistan scoring 439 and 205 and England 521 and 109 for seven. Wednesday, July 29

The former head of the Chernobyl nuclear power station and two aides were each sentenced to 10 years in a labour camp for their part in last year's accident

The law lords reimposed by a majority of

three-to-two a blanket ban on newspapers naval manoeuvre "Exercise Martyrdom" was publishing allegations from Peter Wright's carried out. Forty-two people were killed when a Boeing book Spycatcher. The ruling would also prevent any reporting of the Government's court case to have the book banned in Australia. On August 4 criminal contempt proceedings were taken out against the News on Sunday for publishing extracts from the book.

The Government announced that its new community poll tax which is to replace the rate system would be phased in over four years alongside the rates and would begin in April, 1990 at a target figure of £100 for every

At least 400 people died when Iranian mobs went on the rampage and clashed with security forces in the holy city of Mecca-275 Iranians died during the rioting and in Tehran the government marked a "day of hatred" with calls for revenge against Saudi Arabia and the US. On August 3 Iran ordered all international

storm onto a motorway near Mexico City.

377 cargo plane crashed during a thunder-A Japanese festival which was to involve the ritual spanking of women for adultery was

part. The revival of this 1,000-year-old custom was intended to boost tourism in Fuchu. A Soviet newspaper said that people who swear in public places should be fined or spend a short term in a labour camp.

Saturday, August 1 Mike Tyson became the youngest-ever undisputed world heavyweight boxing champion when he beat Tony Tucker on points in Las

Three bombs exploded in the Tunisian resorts



As he settles his bill, an ordinary-looking diner speaks quietly to the head waiter. Discreetly he is escorted to the kitchens.

The waiter is tense. His visitor has just identified himself as a Michelin inspector. Was the wine glass precisely in line with the knife? Did the staff move around the table clockwise, and clockwise only?

To merit a star in the Michelin Red Guide, even details like these are crucial.

The waiter also knows that it is the one accolade for which the chef would cheerfully flambé his grandmother.

Michelin men can't be fooled. As a group they consume 10,000 meals annually - or about a ton of haute cuisine apiece.

Even if they're full, they don't pass up on the cheese trolley. Just in case it's only passable.

It's not only in restaurants that we're so

painstaking. The symbols evolved for our hotel guides, for example, have become the industry's model.

In the space of a line we can shower praise on washing facilities, single out good (beds, or make public a lack of private bathrooms.

Our tyres, too, are famous for the care we put into their construction. (After all, if a blow-out in a bad restaurant MAKE SURE IT'S A MICHELIN of food.

can ruin an evening, think what a blow-out in the fast lane can do).

R Each year we clock up a staggering 142,000,000 miles of testing. (That's more miles than there are between us and the sun). This philosophy of excellence we call

'Making Sure'. One day, it could prevent your car ending up as a takeaway.

It'll also do wonders for your appreciation

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST OF BURDEN

THE FORD SIERRAS FOR 1987

Estate cars have many fine features. Beauty, however, is seldom one of them.

That makes this splendid Sierra Estate all the more exceptional. For, as most people who've seen it agree, it's a truly handsome machine.

Not that it's any less practical for that. In fact, there are those who'd argue that it's one of the great all rounders. As a five seater it's

As a five seater, its just as comfortable as the Sierra Saloon. Quiet too, thanks to that aerodynamic shape.

As a work horse, it can swallow loads 6ft long and 4ft 5ins wide (3ft 7in between wheel

arches).
The wide tailgate

opens right down to

And the back seats are split 60/40 for extra versatility.

And, as a driver's car, it's genuinely pleasing. It handles well when heavily laden.

The 2.8 fuel injected

model here even has

drive, unbeatable
in heavy going.
And, like all Sierras,
it gives you the option
of anti-lock brakes.
How many beasts of
burden are so sure-





TINY
AND THE

WAGE

When Harrods was sold to three Egyptian brothers everyone assumed that the maverick millionaire Tiny Rowland would give up the struggle to own it. But the vendetta had only just begun. Two and a half years later it still rages, becoming more bizarre and fantastic by the month. Private investigators have been retained and millions of pounds spent in a war of disinformation. Two newspapers have been embroiled; a guru, a sultan, an arms dealer and Mark Thatcher have all been involved. Some of it is unspeakable, all of it untold. Chris Blackhurst reports.

IT IS PERHAPS appropriate to begin in the dramatic style favoured by writers of *The Sunday Times* and *Observer* newspapers. At 1.30 pm on a cold overcast day in January four men boarded a Gulfstream III private jet at Heathrow and took off for Las Palmas in Maliora. They were a financier and two of his friends, accompanied by a journalist preparing a profile of the financier. The purpose of the journey was to visit a hotel and property development on the island.

Four days later the journalist, by now back in Britain, received a telephone call. He knew the voice: it was soft and confidential. The call came from Richard New, a private detective working for Tiny Rowland's deadliest of enemies, the Al-Fayed brothers. Would the journalist be interested to know that the private aircraft belonging to the Lonnho company had been

incloamro company man been borrowed by personal friends of the chairman, Tiny Rowland? Did he not think that Lonrho's share-holders should be acquainted with the way that Mr Rowland was using company property to ferry his friends round Europe?

The journalist was none too impressed by this tip, which barely rated as a story and failed to mention his own presence on the flight. Nonetheless he was intrigued by the call because it showed that the Lonrho plane's movements were logged and that the Al-Payeds considered this harmless trip to be payssworthy.

It is a remarkable part of this now legendary, but bemusing, vendetta between Rowland and the three Egyptian brothers. Mohamed, Salah and Ali Al-Fayed, that both camps are prepared to go to such absurd lengths to discredit each other. In the two and a half years since Tiny Rowland lost the fight to own Harrods, they have trawled each other's pasts, tracked each other's movements and fed the results to receptive journalists.

An important aspect of the affair is that it is practically impossible to get a straight account of the dealings between the two parties. This is chiefly because *The Sunday Times* and *Observer* newspapers have become as integral to the row as pistols in a duel. The *Observer* naturally enough follows its proprietor Tiny Rowland's line, while the Al-Fayed brothers have found outlets for their stories in *The Sunday Times*.

It could all come from some artificially-plotted thriller, and the impression of fantasy is heightened by a range of improbable characters. Aside from the private investigators with their portable telephones, there is an Indian guru who claims his hotel bills are paid for by divine spirit, there is the Sulan of Brunei, reputedly the world's richest man, and the arms dealer Adnan Khushoggi. There are also cameo appearances by Mark Thatcher and the media potentate Rupert Murdoch. It is, as they say in the book trade, a rattling good yarn, made all the more so by the obsessive natures of the protagonists.

In the passions that it generates this dispute is curiously unlengilish, although the cause of it all is the ownership of that great red emporium in Knightsbridge, which both the warring factions perceive as an essentially English institution. This is a key point because not only the Al-Fayeds are foreign. Timy Rowland was born into a German family named Fuhrhop and despite his impeccable bearing and language he is acutely aware of his origins. Rowland changed his name from Roland Walter Fuhrhop to Roland Rowland because it sounded so English. His arch rival is equally obsessed with all things English: Al-Fayed once employed the Duke of Windsor's butler, Sidney, and now owns the company that used to make Winston Churchill's suits.

To both parties, acquisition of Harrods was more than a business deal. It was acquisition of respectability and "Englishness".

The two protagonists in the bitter feud over Harrods: the Egyptian Mohamed Al-Fayed, left, and Tiny Rowland, right, chairman of Lonrho



The history of Tiny Rowland's obsession with Harrods is familiar enough but it is necessary to review it briefly in order to understand the bizarre developments of the last two and a half years.

Rowland has always been on the outside of the City establishment, wheeling and dealing in metals, mining, transport schemes and agricultural commodities in Africa. In 1961 he was asked to become joint managing director of the London and Rhodesian Mining and Land Co (Lonrho) a company of tremendous assets, but fatigued management and low profitability—"a ranching concern with a couple of tinpot mines", to quote the former director, Angus Ogilvy. Rowland had already established a reputation for being extremely canny and the company's profits rose dramatically under his unorthodox stewardship. It was this style which earned him the reputation

of being "Cecil Rhodes without the vision" and earned Lonrho the description "the unacceptable face of capitalism".

n 1977 Rowland made his first overtures to Sir Hugh Fraser, who had inherited House of Fraser while still under 30 years of age. Sir Hugh's family were against Rowland, although Sir Hugh himself fell for Tiny's extraordinary charm, a charm incidentally which has an almost universal appeal. achieved a major shareholding but never a majority. He was constantly frustrated by the board of Harrods, its chair-Professor Roland Smith and the Government. Rowland persisted. He is a man who is unused to being thwarted and the more this emblem of the establishment eluded him the more he wanted it.

In 1985 he turned to Mohamed Al-Fayed, a little known Middle Eastern businessman who was thought by many to have originated in Dubai, but in

fact came from Egypt. Rowland had known him since the days of the oil boom when he, like many others, had turned to the Middle East to escape the developing recession in the West. In March, 1975 Rowland bought 25 per cent of a construction group, Costain, which was profitably involved in the rapid development of the Middle East. He bought the shares from Mohamed who in return received 11 per cent of Rowland's own company and a seat on the board.

Mohamed's career as a director of Lonrho was short-lived. When the Arab Boycott Office threatened Lonrho over some dealings in Israel, Al-Fayed resigned. The parting was amicable and indeed they saw each other occasionally over the next eight years. They breakfasted together and there is some evidence that Al-Fayed actively helped the *Observer* in 1983 on a minor financial story for the newspaper. In 1984 John Griffiths

QC investigated an alleged illegal accumulation of shares in Harrods by a number of people including friends of Rowland. The allegations were dismissed for insufficient evidence but Griffiths had considerable fun in exposing the idiosyncratic business methods of both men.

The important point is that in slightly under a decade of knowing Al-Fayed, Rowland believed that he had got the measure of the man; he felt he could trust his renowned instincts and predict the way that the younger man would react in any given situation.

In 1984 Mohamed approached Rowland with an offer to buy his shares in House of Fraser. Rowland declined. He had, after all, been pursuing a majority shareholding for more than seven years and although he had given an undertaking to the Government that he would not increase his stock over 29.9 per

cent, he had every reason to hope that he would soon be released from this. Suddenly, in November, it was announced that the Monopolies Commission, which was due to decide whether Rowland could take over Harrods or not, had deferred its report for three months. Rowland announced his sale of the shares to Mohamed for £138 million in cash which realized a profit of £70 million. The City has rarely been so surprised.

His motives were never entirely clear. One theory is that he felt it had been hinted that if he sold all his shares and started buying again from scratch no obstruction would placed in his way. Rowland therefore cast around for someone he could trust, someone who could be relied upon to sell the shares back to him. He settled on Mohamed. because he also surmised that Mohamed had not the wherewithal or the influence to use the shares as a base to purchase the whole company. Moreover, he reasoned that the establishment was unlikely to award Harrods to an





Mohamed Al-Fayed, showing what it means to be the owner of Harrods by mixing with the royalty of England, top, and of Monaco, above.

Egyptian of obscure background and hidden means.

It was the greatest miscalculation that Rowland has ever made and many have raked over the events of between November, 1984 and March, 1985 to try and determine where he went wrong. There is something in the theory that Rowland, a man used to dealing with the straightforward African character, failed to appreciate the stealth and subtleties of the Arab mind. This may be true, but it was also the case that Rowland's financial intelligence service let him down. He underestimated the extent of the Al-Fayeds' finance.

For a very short while it seemed as if Mohamed was going to behave himself, but then a distinct unease settled in Rowland's mind. Mohamed announced that he would replace Rowland on the Fraser board. This would have been a natural course if there had not been an understanding that Rowland's lack of shares was a temporary condition. He was further worried by rumours that Mohamed and Professor Smith, the man who steadfastly blocked Rowland's ambitions, were getting on like a house on fire.

On March 4, 1985 his worst fears were realized. Mohamed announced a cash offer of £615 million for the House of Fraser. Everyone appeared to be in on the secret except Rowland. Both the bankers Kleinwort Benson and Professor Smith had been informed. On March 7 Rowland received his long overdue permission to buy all Harrods' shares but he still had to wait for Norman Tebbit, the then Under Secretary for Trade and Industry, to release him from his earlier undertaking. Rowland could have been forgiven for feeling that there was a conspiracy against him, that he was fighting an alliance of the Government and Mohamed Al-Fayed. What should have been a for-

mality became instead an agonizing seven-day wait. Two days before Tebbit finally released Rowland, Mohamed had passed the magic 50 per cent mark in the ownership of House of Fraser shares. He and his brothers had taken just nine days to do what Tiny failed to achieve in seven years. To add to his considerable fury, Norman Tebbit waved the Al-Fayeds through without any reference to the Monopolies Commission.

Reviewing this history, it was particularly humiliating, especially for a man who prides himself on the infallibility of his instincts, and the clarity of his judgment. Even his own newspaper, the Observer, described his anger as "fearsome". It was also petulant. Subsequently he dispatched a large bouquet of yellow roses to Kleinwort Benson, the Al-Fayeds' bank. Attached to the roses was a message that read simply "Yellow belly'

Al-Fayed can be as petty. Earlier this year he wanted to change a Harrods window to display a book critical of Rowland. He had

told the book's author, Richard Hall, that if no publisher had been interested, he, Mohamed, would have found a company to publish it. Mohamed thought that the window would annoy Rowland on his way to work. In the event, reason prevailed and the old display remained, despite Harrods having already ordered 2,000 copies of the book.

Such gestures affect the tone of the feud. Rowland ordered the *Observer* to commence the hostilities by investigating every aspect of the Al-Fayeds' past and especially his suspicion that they had broken British company law by failing to declare their backer. The paper's editor, Donald Trelford, had opposed his proprietor and won before, but in this matter he did not stand in his way.

Much of the type of information that Tiny desired to see in his business section each week was way beyond the budget

and normal skills of the *Observer* journalists, and so John Kenneth Etheridge, Lonrho's Director of Security, was put on the Al-Fayeds' trail. Originally Etheridge had been a senior Fraud Squad officer at Scotland Yard. He met Rowland in the course of one of his investigations and later accepted Rowland's offer of a very large salary and a comfortable office in Lonrho's head-quarters at Cheapside House.

The first task was obviously to prove that the Al-Fayed brothers did not have the background of wealth that they implied in all their conversations. In short, if it were the case, he wanted to prove that the Al-Fayeds came not from an ancient and rich family of merchants but rather from humble origins. He had a measure of success in this. A few days later, after Mohamed had won the battle for Harrods, the *Observer* published a photograph of a crumpled form belonging to one Ali Ali

Fayed, an inspector in the Egyptian Ministry of Education. The form, dating from the early 1960s, was application for an identity card and it was given to the paper by Ashraf Marwan, a very old friend of Tiny Rowland. Mr Marwan, whom the Observer failed to describe to its readers, is the son-in-law of the late President Nasser became President Sadat's Secretary of Information and later head of his private office.



The Indian mystic Chandra Swami, the most bizarre individual in the vendetta, with Mohamed Al-Fayed, top, and with Rowland, above.

eaders of the newspaper probably failed to see the significance of the story, especially as it seemed only to establish that the brothers had changed their name slightly. "The document reveals that the Al-Fayed brothers, like their father, were simply known as Fayed in those days and that the surname was subsequently altered. The cognoscenti of the financial world might also have wondered why such a fuss was made about the Fayeds changing their name when

Rowland had changed his from Walter Fuhrhop.

Rowland's venom was by no means spent. The files on Mohamed—Rowland is believed to keep dossiers on all his friends as well as his enemies—were quickly exhausted but investigators were dispatched all over the world, to Dubai, Genoa, Haiti, anywhere Mohamed had once operated. Large sums of money are said to have been offered to anyone at liberty to disclose details of Mohamed's bank accounts.

Since 1985 hardly a week has gone by without anti-Fayed stories in the *Observer*. The paper's readers have been treated with insights into the "sphinx-like" owner of Harrods and to the "Pharaoh of Park Lane" (Mohamed's headquarters are situated there). Some of the claims are more fanciful than others. The paper hinted, for instance, that Al-Fayed was somehow in league with the Government and that this could be concluded

from his attendance at No 10 Downing Street for a dinner in the honour of President Mubarak.

If Rowland was to prove that the Al-Fayeds were not the true owners of Harrods, he had to locate their source of finance. Eventually he opted for the world's richest man, His Majesty Hassanal Bolkiah, the Sultan of Brunei, as being the most likely candidate. The 37-year-old Sultan is worth over 30 billion dollars and is known to have a taste for acquisitions like the Dorchester Hotel in London. The purchase of Harrods would be entirely in keeping with his previous activity. Mohamed Al-Fayed appears to be one of the Sultan's army of financial mentors, and Rowland set about looking for any evidence of cash flowing from the Sultan's innumerable bank accounts to the Al-Fayeds.

Miraculously he produced a so-called secret power of

attorney from the Sultan to Mohamed which allegedly says, "We hereby authorize you to operate on our behalf with Credit Suisse. Zurich, with immediate effect." On the strength of this document, the Observer claimed that large sums of money were withdrawn on the Sultan's bank account to finance the Harrods deal. The response of the "Park Lane Pharoah" has been to issue writ after writ against the paper.

ne of the biggest payments is thought to have gone from Rowland to the Indian mystic Chandra Swami, who is easily the most bizarre individual to be involved in the vendetta. The Swami was born in Rajasthan in 1949 and grew up in Hyderabad. It is true to say that Nemi Chand Gandhi, his real name, did not display an early vocation for the life of a holy man. In fact he was drawn to the scrap-metal business, and were it not for a spot of bother with the local police, the Swami would

probably still be making a tidy fortune from it. Mr Gandhi sensibly decided that the police were less interested in holy men and he acquired for himself the status of guru. His rise through the Indian hierarchy was impressive and he soon moved to Delhi to extend his influence among senior politicians and wealthy foreigners. Despite his status as a holy man, the Swami would appear to be rather more interested in self-indulgence than self-enlightenment as he lives in worldly comfort in Delhi.

Over the years, the Swami has built up a tidy nest egg by serving as an introduction agency. He knows everybody and is happy to introduce one very rich man to another very rich man as long as he receives a fee on the way. He also mixes with western stars. He is said to have converted Elizabeth Taylor to vegetarianism and lately to have become godfather to the first-born of the tennis player John McEnroe.

In a recent interview he said of himself: "When a foreigner comes to me and becomes my disciple, what does it mean? It means that I have some special powers in me. Look at this photograph album. It carries pictures of all the most famous people in the world. And in each one you will find me beside them. Kings, prime ministers, princes, sheiks—I have control over all of them. They admire me. Some of them call me God. Even Muslims and Christians call me God sometimes."

Sooner or later the Swami was bound to make an entrance into this affair, for he knows most of the parties involved. He is a spiritual adviser to the Sultan of Brunei, despite their differences in religion. He knows the arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi and he is certainly acquainted with Mohamed Al-Fayed. Latterly he has come to know Tiny Rowland and dined with Donald Trelford. What interested them was his relationship with the

Sultan of Brunei.

Rowland had been told by his friend Adnan Khashoggi that the Swami would introduce him to the Sultan. The three men met on Khashoggi's yacht Nabila. Sitting amid the fur rugs and gold ornaments, the Swami led Rowland to believe that he could arrange for him to meet the Sultan of Brunei. By arrangement, Rowland flew to Madras in India and waited for his crucial appointment with the Sultan. Unfortunately, His Holiness's powers were not in form that day and he failed to produce the Sultan. Rowland realized that the guru was not above the temporal activity of leading him on a wild goose chase. However, he kept on terms with the Swami who seems to have redoubled his efforts to produce the sort of evidence that Rowland wished to put in the Observer. Eventually he offered a story to Trelford and Rowland for which the latter is said to have paid \$5 million. It seems incredible, but this affair has done nothing to create a sense of proportion in its participants.

HOUSE OF FRASER HOLDINGS plo

To continue the process of the proce

Excised propaganda letters: from Webb, the Al-Fayeds' lawyer, to the Stock Exchange, above, and from Rowland to Lonrho shareholders.

The substance of the allegations was this: Mark Thatcher and Mohamed Al-Fayed had visited the Sultan of Brunei and given him an assurance that Mrs Thatcher would not stand in the way of "their" purchase of Harrods. Richard Hall, whose book *My Life with Tiny* was recently published, takes up the story.

"A hint that something big was afoot came after Donald Trelford returned from dining at Claridges with Tiny and a somewhat rum assortment of guests. These included Adnan Khashoggi and two curious Indians called the Swami and Mamaji. It was soon whispered about in the newsroom that Trelford had been given a sensational story by Rowland and was intent upon running it that Sunday . . . Donald wrote it himself and personally saw it into the front page. He credited it to an anonymous 'Staff Reporter'."

The Swami also handed Rowland a transcript of a tape he

How the battle lines are drawn

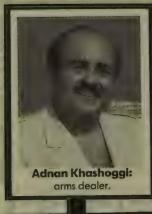


The Sultan of Brunei: the richest man in the world.

Frequent contact on spiritual matters.



Frequent contact on financial matters.



Adnan Khashoggi introduces Swami to Tiny Rowland Frequent contact on financial matters.



Chandra Swami: guru to the Sultan of Brunei, Adnan Khashoggi and Mohamed Al-Fayed.

Frequent contact on financial matters



Mohamed Al-Fayed: owner of Harrods and swom enemy of Tiny Rowland.



Tiny Rowland: maverick chief of Lonrho and sworn enemy of Mohamed Al-Fayed. Alleged transcripts of tapes and other documents passed from Swami to Tiny Rowland. Anti Rowland stories passed from Mohamed Al-Fayed and associates to Brian Basham.



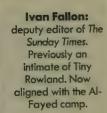
Brian Basham: Al-Fayed public relations consultant.

Swami's alleged transcript passed together with other anti Al-Fayed material to the Observer.



Donald Trelford: editor of the Observer.

Anti Rowland stories possed from Basham to The Sunday Times.





claimed to have made while talking to Mohamed Al-Fayed. The transcript is alleged to portray the Al-Fayeds as anti-semitic, a charge which Mohamed has hotly denied. The material eventually appeared in an obscure New York paper which warned its readers: "Remember. The Owner of Harrods Hates Jews."

Thus far Rowland appears to have made most of the running, but in 1986 Mohamed discovered he possessed previously untapped reserves as a propagandist. And this is when the battle really began to warm up.

He located a receptive ear for his message at The Sunday Times. It belonged to the deputy editor, Ivan Fallon, a steely and ambitious type who was previously thought to have an unswerving loyalty to Tiny Rowland. Their close relationship was established during John Griffiths's investigations in 1984. He reported, "Mr Ivan Fallon demonstrated by articles in his

newspaper [then the Sunday Telegraph where he was City Editor] an affinity with and support for Lonrho. I learned not infrequently Mr Rowland and Mr Fallon lunched together or spoke."

ot long after Fallon joined The Sunday Times the newspaper's reporters began to receive tit-bits which, if true, would clearly be damaging to Rowland's reputation. One such tit-bit came from Fallon's office. It was a duplicate of a US customs report which recorded the fact that Rowland's company jet had been detained at an American airport and searched. A minor quantity of arms had been found. How Fallon came to possess this photostat was never explained, but it certainly caused comment at the time since it was well known that he had been angling for the editorship of the Observer. Suddenly, it seemed, he had cast his chances to the wind.

It may not have been entirely

his own decision. It is the current wisdom at The Sunday Times that when Fallon kept open his lines of communication to the Al-Fayeds, Rowland refused to have anything to do with him. There is also a more potent reason and that concerns Rupert Murdoch, the proprietor of The Sunday Times. He, too, had been called before John Griffiths to testify on a meeting he had with Tiny Rowland on February 7, 1983. The pair subsequently disagreed on the time and the place and what they had discussed, but it does seem to have concerned various share deals in newspapers and Harrods. Murdoch was angered by Rowland's behaviour and subsequently became disobliged to help Rowland in his difficulties. Thus Fallon, who has always possessed a shrewd sense of his proprietor's wishes, took the view that anything of an anti-Rowland nature would be welcomed in the pages of The Sunday Times.

More often than not the material comes to The Sunday Times after being gathered by a team of three who work for the Al-Fayeds. They are Royston Webb, a lawyer, Brian Basham, an influential public relations consultant, and Richard New, the aforementioned private investigator. A run-of-the-mill anti-Rowland story starts with a piece of news reaching Webb's office behind the Dorchester. He calls in Richard New to firm

up the information and check the details. New is a dedicated worker and is as devoted to the cause as Royston Webb.

From his windowless, bomb-proof, basement office in an anonymous building, tucked in behind the Dorchester in South Street, Mayfair, Webb conducts Mohamed's campaign. He seems charming enough but appearances can deceive. More than anyone else, Webb is responsible for the anti-Tiny stories which appear in the Press. He is nicknamed "Rambo" by veterans of the feud, not because he bears a striking resemblance to Sylvester Stallone—he doesn't—but because of his solo raids into enemy territory.

When New and Webb have done their work, the story is fed to Brian Basham. His first port of call will be with the reporters at The Sunday Times. At the same time Mohamed Al-Fayed is likely to pass on the information to his friend the deputy editor.

Sometimes the paper has direct contact with Richard New and on occasions has asked him to supply further evidence.

The greatest success of this conduit was a story that was published by The Sunday Times in June, 1986 which was headlined "Tiny's 'secret' trade gems". It was a perplexing investigation which must have left the readers somewhat puzzled. Broadly speaking it alleged that Rowland ordered the stockpiling of amethysts from a mine in Zambia. The story also claimed that there had been some sort of tax scheme in America connected to the amethysts. Rowland threatened to sue but did not follow through with the action.

Webb and New have also their considerable energies to try to prove that Tiny Rowland is an arms dealer, which has met with a lack of success. Their attention has been excited by Lonrho's 60 per cent stake in Tradewinds Air Holdings. On the board of the company was yet another Arab, named Ahmed Gaddafadam, Colonel Gaddafi's cousin and

security adviser. The Lonrho stake was sold last year but they are still determined to try to prove that the operation was more than just an airline. Rowland, needless to say, dismisses these implications.

Literally no area in this vendetta is regarded as out of bounds. Just as Tiny Rowland's men take over the Al-Fayeds' history, so the Al-Fayeds' men intrude into his personal life. Photographs catching Rowland unawares and therefore looking less than his usual self have recently been mysteriously offered to the Press. They support rumours that Rowland is receiving regular treatment in a Swiss clinic for a stomach condition. When asked where these rumours originate, the Al-Fayed company reply in a crazy double-speak: "It is an ongoing rumour because he is having ongoing operations."

The Al-Fayeds have lately taken their campaign into the Lonrho camp by the simple expedient of allowing their lawyer Royston Webb and a number of people versed in the arts of accountancy to buy shares in Lonrho. As a result the Lonrho AGM in March of this year was less cosy than usual. The audience listened with attentiveness as the chairman of Lonrho, Sir Edward Du Cann, announced yet another set of record profits. When Sir Edward asked if there were any questions, the mood

Literally no area in this vendetta is out of bounds. Just as Tiny Rowland's men take over the Al-Fayeds' history so the Al-Fayeds' men intrude into his personal life. Photographs catching Rowland unawares and therefore less than his usual self have recently been mysteriously offered to the Press.

of the meeting changed dramatically. First, a man rose to his feet and asked a long complex question about Lonrho's accounts, which Sir Edward could not answer there and then. In desperation, Du Cann turned to a pretty girl in the audience. Instead of the innocuous question that he was expecting, Du Cann received another sensitive inquiry. The planted questions continued. Eventually he called a halt to the questions and the meeting ended in a commotion. At the back of the room Royston Webb slipped out unnoticed. He must have experienced private elation as he witnessed Sir Edward faltering and the anger on Rowland's face.

The sense of triumph in the Al-Fayed camp cannot have lasted long, for a couple of weeks later Tiny Rowland persuaded the Department of Trade and Industry to investigate the "affairs of the House of Fraser Holdings" and in particular "the circumstances surrounding the acquisition of shares in the House of Fraser PLC in 1984 and 1985". The *Observer* naturally presented this as a major news story, while *The Sunday Times* has dismissed the investigation as the last resort of a beaten man.

he Al-Fayeds in the meantime have sent a thick and almost unintelligible document concerning Lonrho's accounts to the Stock Exchange and, of course, to Lonrho. It claims that there are breaches in accounting standards at Lonrho and concludes: "In our view, if Lonrho had followed the accounting practices adopted by most companies in each it is likely that the group profit and loss account balance at September, 1986 would have shown a deficit of at least £100 million rather than a credit balance of £40.3 million." The Al-Fayeds do not pull their punches and in a letter to the Chairman of the Stock Exchange, dated June 24, the finance director of House of Fraser, Michael Marsh, summarizes their complaints:

(i) The accounts give a misleading impression of the earnings and underlying trading performance.

(ii) They do not make clear the fact that the dividends may effectively be being paid out of capital.

(iii) They contain valuations of assets on bases which are not adequately explained.

The financial community is dubious about the dossier and it goes without saying that Lonrho executives regard it as a laughable fantasy. True to form, Rowland's fellow director Paul Spicer dismisses it as "absolute tosh".

The most recent missive from Lonrho is dated July 10 and is headed "Who are Mohamed and Ali Fayed?". It is a selection of points taken from a statement by Adnan Khashoggi. Point 1 relates how he in 1953 hired a former Singer Sewing Machines salesman, Mohamed Fayed. The Al-Fayeds claim that the statement was made under duress because at the time Khashoggi was heavily in debt to Rowland. The document also states that in 1956, Mohamed's younger brother, Ali, was retained as a private secretary by Khashoggi. In 1956 Ali Al-Fayed was only 12 years old.

Some sort of resolution to the vendetta seems inevitable but for the moment it is worth-while taking a deep breath and considering the bizarre way in which public figures and their employees have been behaving in the last two and a half years. Is it not remarkable that reporters find their movements traced all over the world, that lawyers have to employ detectives to make sure that they, too, are not followed, that journalists accept anonymous and obviously motivated tip-offs as the truth? Is it not extraordinary that Rowland's company leaflets its shareholders with allegations that Mohamed Al-Fayed was a salesman for Singer Sewing Machines? Is it not incredible that Mohamed Al-Fayed proposed to devote an entire window at Harrods to the display of a book critical of Tiny Rowland so that it would depress him on his way to work? No. This is the way people actually behave when caught up in a vendetta \bigcirc

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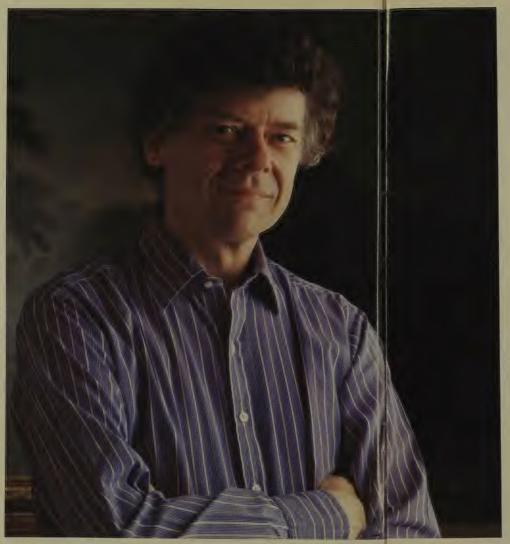
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THE TONE OF MR GETTY

Gordon Getty has £1,400 million. Now he wants immortality. Interview by Sarah Sands. Photographs by David Montgomery.

IT IS easy to mock the artistic pretentions of Gordon Getty, to ridicule the first performance of part of his opera, Plump Jack, in London recently as the self-indulgence of a very, very rich man. Certainly the national Press found it so as The Independent's critic demonstrates. "Clump Jack Getriskey misspell") stirred me only towards the exit

As sitting ducks go, Gordon Getty is the fattest and most immobile. While his older brother Paul receives endless praise for his minutely considered philanthropy, Gordon is portraved as the dumb sibling, a man with little head for business and no time for charity work. His music is explained as a recent eccentricity and, worse still, as a rather feeble attempt to win respect. Whatever the truth, Gordon does at least engage life. Instead of retreating to the open-armed safety of his considerable wealth-estimated at £1,400 million before the stock markets soared-he places his self-esteem at risk by announcing that he is a composer and further tempting the critics by declaring that he is happy with the standard of his work.

Getty is a frequent visitor to England and owns a flat overlooking the Thames in Chelsca. He is a tall, rangy man who looks as if he might specialize in a tediously obscure science, something, perhaps, on the lines of thermodynamics. Like his brother who has settled in London, he is watchful, polite and reserved with strangers. It may be that there is some sort of natural distance between the Cettys and the rest of the word, or that both of them have developed a manner that keeps potential gold-diggers at arm's length. A thind, less considered, option is that neither of them has much to say.

Getry opened the door to his flat himself. It has orderliness that contrasts with his brother's recently vacated rooms in the London Clinic. It is not as large as might be expected and is decorated with fashionable understatement and good taste' by his wife Ann: a Roman head here, an 18th century landscape there and a beautiful piano which, apparently, was chosen by Alfred Brendel. Getty remarks that it is out of tune and that anyway he is no planist.

His manner at first seems normal but after a

Gordon Getty at his flat overlooking the Thames in Chelsea. The fourth son of oil billionaire Jean Paul Getty, he has now composed an opera.

little while the listener is struck by how often he misses the point. He produces a great big yo ho ho laugh when there is no humour and is guaranteed to ignore it when there is. Sometimes his face goes completely blank and he asks you to repeat the question.

His politeness, though, is extraordinary-He reacted to a mention of a recent sinde article in *The Times* by quietly dismantling the ancedores about his penchant for buxom stewardesses, his incompetent handling of the Getty Trust Fund and his relationship with his father. He finished his refutation saying, "I wish *The Times* a future as splendid as its Dast."

There is, nevertheless, much which is both true and worth recording about Gordon Getty's life. He was born on December 20, 1933 to Ann Rork, Jean Paul Getty's fourth wife. He was his father's fourth child and he arrived a year after Paul. Nether Gordon nor Ann appears to have merited much attention from Getty, who was engaged at the time in a fierce battle with his mother over his inheritance. Within a matter of months Ann field for divorce, alleging extreme cruclety. During the proceedings he revealed that she was forced to pay for their apartment out of her monthly allowance.

None of Getty's sons had much contact with their father in their early years, and at the age of six Gordon was packed off to California Military Academy, a boarding school. His mother married three times, which undoubtedly explains his closeness to his brother. Gordon insists now that he knew at the age of four that he wanted to be a composer. This sudden apparition of an artistic sensibility in the Getty line was probably due to his mother's blood. Certainly the other Gettys have limited themselves to the aquisation and appreciation, rather than the practice, of art.

Gordon's ambition as a young man was to be a singer, though it was quickly pointed out that this was beyond his reach and he now happily admits to "owning the funnicst voice" in the world". After a spell working for his father, he applied for a place at the Conservatoire of Music in San Francisco and began to study composition. He had already written a piece while working in Staudi Arabia.

Just as his composition has received mixed reviews, so has Gordon's personality. One frequent caricature is Gordon Getty the bungler, the absent-minded booby who parks



his car and forgets where. There is quite a lot of evidence to support it. Even during one of the interviews with this magazine, he interrupted the conversation to wander about the apartment looking for a manuscript that he had only just put down. There was also the extraordinary incompetence that landed him in court and, subsequently, under house arrest while working for his father in Saudi Arabia.

On the other hand there is most definitely evidence that Gordon has some of his father's adamant qualities. They were manifested in the mid 1960s when he started to challenge his father's hold over the Getty fortune, much of which was tied up in his grandmother's trust. Gordon argued that the \$50,000 a year allowance was tiny compared to the \$300,000,000 assets of the trust: he filed a friendly suit against his father, a trustee, for \$7,400,000. There was a chilling silence from his father, who eventually conceded that Gordon had a case and undoubtedly came to respect him for standing his ground.

Some of the metal in Gordon's character must have been implanted by Ann, whom he married in December, 1964. She was a 23-year-old beauty who had lived most of her life on a fruit farm in California. She it was who defrosted the relations between Gordon and his father, enabling both to emerge from the wrangle over the trust with pride intact. Indeed, Gordon became a trouble-shooter for his father's expanding empire—a far cry from the absent-minded warbler who shook sections of his father's home at Sutton Place during his singing practice.

Ann and Gordon's marriage is the most successful in all the branches of the family, if only because they frequently seem to be on opposite sides of America or the Atlantic. They are happy to indulge each other's passions: she is content to pay for his friends to fly to the venues of his performances and he returns the favour by buying her a stake in a publishing house. She is clearly more socially adept than he. For those who desire social success-such as Arianna Stassinopoulos-Ann Getty is a key. In Ms Stassinopoulos's case, Ann assured her success and actually paid for her wedding reception. In New York she is part of what is known as the "working rich". She has involved herself in a publishing venture with Lord Weidenfeld, a previous sponsor of Arianna Stassinopoulos and a neighbour on the Chelsea Embankment.

Ann's periods of intensive socializing and literary activity clearly leave Gordon with time on his hands. In England he sees a lot of his brother, who has introduced him to cricket. Paul is a great admirer of the tactics, pace and sheer Englishness of the game. Together they went to the final of the Benson & Hedges Cup at Lord's taking their seats in the stand that was largely built with Paul Getty's money. Few people in the crowd on that warm summer Saturday would have noticed anything exceptional about the two middleaged Americans, except that the couple rose from their seats and left the ground before the close of play, thus missing one of the most exciting finishes of the summer.

Gordon admits that he did not grasp the full

Ann Getty, whose 23-year-old marriage to Gordon is the most successful in the family. Unlike her husband, she is intensely sociable.

significance of the game, but he enjoyed Paul's exposition on tactics. One fancies he gives the same intense, almost boyish, attention to cricket as he does to his latest passion, economics. It is perhaps better to let him explain his theory in his own words since any translation would surely dilute its purity:

"When Ann is out of town I'm just sitting here writing my damn fool paper on economics of all things. It's quite a zany theory. I think it is right but the trick is proving it even to myself..."

Gordon took a deep breath, looked at the ceiling and commenced, "Our rate of return, which is the time rate of pockets to invest in the stationary state which means that there's no change...".

Simple though he thought it sounded, Gordon felt that it was going to be damned hard to write down. He is looking for a coauthor who sees the point of his intuition and then he will publish it privately.

Gordon's approach to music is a great deal less tentative, although he re-works his scores. After the *Plump Jack* performance in London, he pronounced himself broadly content with the work. "I think there's still a tweak here and a twitch there to consider but heck, I didn't realize a year ago that after its performance I would have so little to reconsider."

He began writing the opera in 1982, when the American director Sam Wanamaker commissioned a Shakespearian composition for the International Globe Theatre Trust of which, as it happens, Gordon is the president. He was attracted to Shakespeare's history plays because they seemed "the least corrupt". He turned to Falstaff as the inspiration for Plump Jack "because of the great range of personality". Practically bouncing in his chair, he talks of the Falstaff scenes in the Henry plays: "They are great tearjerkers; you've got a big personality and some humour and some pathos and patriotism... all that."

The opera's reception in America is said to have been good and at the drop of a hat Gordon's American agent will spend a long time reading over his favourable notices. There was, however, a distinct lack of enthusiasm here. After the initial witticism, *The Independent*'s review continued thus: "A vocal and orchestral treatment of a comic interlude between Prince Hal and Falstaff, its overblown scoring was impervious to the requirements of the text. If Mr Getty wants to write Shakespearian opera he should study Britten and see how it's done."

The critic of *The Guardian* was equally unimpressed. He wrote: "Rock bottom was reached with a work by Gordon Getty, no less: and a more dispiriting demonstration of musical inanity and aesthetic imbecility could hardly be imagined."

The composer's reaction to the critics is an odd one. He seems to be able to take harsh criticism square on the jaw and spends some time explaining that he firmly believes that everyone has the right to dislike his work, although this probably means that he wishes they didn't have the right. The fact is that there is still very little of his *oeuvre* for the critics to consider. He has one other major work, a song cycle based on Emily Dickinson's poems, which is to be recorded next year. This, too, had a mixed reception and it must take some courage to say, as he does,

that he would not trade his portfolio of reviews for that of any living or dead composer.

Gordon's views on other composers are idiosyncratic to say the least: "I decided back in my college days who the great composers were. It's an exercise that a lot of people don't think is worthwhile or healthy but I think it's a good exercise to decide who your idols are. So far as I am concerned, the greatest composers that ever lived, in order of greatness, are Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner and Chopin. Thereafter they are bunched in a group of three: Scarlatti, Vivaldi and Handel."

What about Mozart?

"Heck! Mozart would not be in the first 500. I'm not eccentric. He was a genius. I just don't like classicism: it's too bloodless. Too prissy and fussy."

While in the throes of composition, Getty seems rarely to venture from his home. Certainly he is excused all social duties by his

When Ann is out of town I'm just sitting here writing my damn fool paper on economics of all things. It's quite a zany theory.

I think it is right but the trick is proving it even to myself. . . 9

wife; even if the Gettys are entertaining, he is allowed to steal away to his soundproof music room where he may reflect on the singular voice of Maria Callas or produce his own

In the lives of both Paul and Gordon, business is very much taken care of, enabling them to pursue their interests. Paul has arranged his life so that he can spend much of the day considering his library of medieval manuscripts, pondering the films of Howard Hawks and marvelling at the works of Isambard Kingdom Brunel. Gordon has a string of reliable advisers which allows him to say this: "I wonder if I spend much more time on business than the average man. We all have to spend time paying the rent, grocery bills and balancing the cheque book."

The idea of a Getty balancing the cheque book is absurd. What he means is that the decisions that he makes are the equivalent of balancing a cheque book, though this, too, seems a little far-fetched.

"Last year I was at one of those composers' symposiums and the other composers in the US kept asking me how I had time to compose. Then we compared schedules and I found that I probably had more time to compose than they did. You see, they are teaching courses, grading papers and I don't have the pressures that they do."

Both Gordon and Paul talk of their inherited wealth as if it were some genetic dis-

ability. They know that their great fortune makes them different from other people but they have to overcome and disguise it. The suggestion that Gordon's musical efforts are simply a manifestation of a rich man looking for a *raison d'être* produces a rather frustrated expression on his face.

Yes, he says thoughtfully, he knows that he is in an unusually privileged position. "I know that for most people getting on another step in the world is the main concern. There is enough motivation in trying to improve your lot. But if you are a rich man you can sink into the trap of money being used for another toy, a momentary division. My goals are idealistic.

"It seems to me that my life isn't that much different to when I didn't have that much money. The main difference is that I now have a family, and having more money than I need makes it easier not to worry about budget breaking. Everyone knows money can become a deadening influence, especially to those who grow up with too much money. I grew up knowing that my father was rich but not knowing that he was richer than the next kid's father. I did not grow up knowing that all my faults were going to be taken care of."

This is certainly the case. Neither Paul nor Gordon had any idea of their father's extraordinary activities. During the war they were dimly aware of his work in an aircraft company but they did not appreciate his thoroughness, imagination and powers of administration. Only years later, during the 1960s, did Gordon properly come to know Jean Paul.

"There is no doubt about it. He was an amazing man. I don't know if I've ever met a more brilliant man than my father. I felt that I understood him and that he understood me. I never had any effort explaining myself to him."

Is there a similar rapport with his own children?

"Yes, I think so. I have ... er ... four kids now and each one is different. I get along with them just fine. The youngest three are teenagers. My oldest, Andrew, has just turned 20. My gosh, that seems strange. He likes films and wants to become a producer. I've told him don't put your own money into it. You want to prove what you can do."

It is difficult to determine whether Gordon Getty is a complex man with a simple view, or vice versa. Certainly he appears to be the conventional American male, brisk and decisive. When he springs to the phone he is terse. "Yes... that's Mrs Getty's department. I'll fly home immediately." His language is full of comic-strip exclamations and at times he has all the verbal dexterity of a garage mechanic surveying a bent axle: "... oh, heck... shucks... terrific..." It is odd coming from someone who spends many hours contemplating Bach and an almost certainly inexpressible economic theory.

It is expected of a Getty that his life will be blighted by tragedy and a misspent youth, by unnecessary feuding and a wandering eye, but Gordon does appear to confound the rule. "I think of myself as a happy man. Part of the reason for this happiness is satisfaction in my music, but it's also nice to pick up a new career in mid-life and to know that it's taken you about as long as any other composer."

It must be satisfying even if his music propels the critics to the exit doors \bigcirc





REVIVING THE DOGS

Greyhound racing is becoming not just respectable but almost fashionable. In its attempt to lose some of its cloth-cap image it is also losing some of its cloth-cap venues. But Marcel Berlins discovers new life for the old dogs. . . Photographs by Mike Abrahams.

dim kind of dog not to realize that the object he is chasing week after week is not so much a hare as a clumsy mock-up. The mechanical electronic hare neither looks nor smells like the real thing. It's more like a child's a red knitted Peter Rabbit jacket, with a ribbon trailing from its tail.

Fortunately, greyhounds have yet to discover the deception dogs go round. Stadiums like

RACING GREYHOUNDS are being practised on them. So they pretty stupid animals. It takes a continue to run at full speed in hot pursuit of an artificial animal they will never catch, and millions of people come to watch them doing so and millions more gamble on which of them will come nearest to its false quarry.

There was a time when greybunny toy, sometimes dressed in hound racing was Britain's most popular spectator sport. In 1945 nearly a million people a week paid their money to watch the

White City were regularly filled to capacity, shutting their gates well before the first race. The bonanza did not last long, killed by television and the post-war regeneration of several spectator alternatives.

Today, going to the dogs is still the country's second favourite spectator activity, after football. The four and a half million who will pass the turnstiles of Britain's 90 or so tracks this year are modest compared to the crowds

The traps open and the dogs chase their electronic quarry. There are always six entrants in every race and their numbers and colours are invariable: the dog on the inside is in trap one and wears a red jacket; trap two is blue; trap three is white; trap four is black; trap five is orange and trap six, on the outside, wears black and white stripes. Races are usually for distances between 250 metres (sprints) and 880 metres (marathons).

'What has changed now, in some areas more than others, is that grevhound racing has joined the entertainment industry.



A bookie's clerk notes down the bets and weighs up the odds.

during the great days, but they a speedy dog cost a fraction of are evidence of a genuine revival in the sport's fortunes. The 36 officially approved tracks, the élite under the strict control of the National Greyhound Racing extent the differences are still Club, have shown attendance increases of 8 per cent over the year. Betting on the dogs, too, is flourishing. Last year more than £1,000 million was staked. The turnstile and betting figures tell only part of the story. The sport is also trying to change its image. and that is a lot more difficult

than improving its finances. Greyhound racing is an offspring of hare-coursing, and the first racing dogs were rejects from the bloodier sport. A mechanical hare was first used in 1876, in a field in Hendon, in a race which The Times called "coursing by proxy". But the sport did not take on, and only half a century later was it introduced in its present form.

The first meeting was in the year of the General Strike and it had some of its greatest years during the two depressions, in the 1930s and after the Second World War. It is still associated with cloth-cap poverty, workingclass accents, roll-up cigarettes, pints of bitter and a hint of spivs and shady dealings. Horse-racing was the toffs' sport: the workers had to make do with the dogs (even though Prince Philip, for instance, kept racing greyhounds, and the Princess Royal owns one now)

The distinction was not all that unfair. To buy, to train, to kennel

the equivalent costs for a horse: for the spectator, the entrance fee was cheaper, and betting stakes were tiny. And to some valid-the £3 a day it takes to feed and train a dog would hardly pay for a mouthful of oats.

What has changed now-in some areas more than others-is that greyhound racing has joined the entertainment industry. Tracks all over the country are being refurbished, modernized and made more, well, respectable-"where ladies can come and be sure of a clean lavatory", as one stadium official put it. But it's a revival not without problems. There are as many worried people on the greyhound scene as there are optimists.

On September 27, Harringay Grevhound Stadium will die, two weeks after its 60th birthday. It was Britain's third track, opened in 1927 on the site of a refuse tip. Soon, it will be demolished and next year a giant Sainsbury's supermarket will be there.

It was a once proud, exciting place to be. Faded photos show the milling crowds, the "celebrities" and the excitement. There has not been much of that for a long time. Last year the great Ballyregan Bob raced at Harringay on his way to his world best sequence of 32 wins; and annually the stadium is host to one of the classic races, the Oaks. On that night, if you shut your eyes, you could just believe that Harringay was alive again. But on





Going to the dogs is still the country's second favourite spectator activity. The four and a half million who pass through the turnstiles are modest compared to the great days but they are evidence of a genuine revival in the sport. However, greyhound racing still tends to be associated with clothcapped poverty, workingclass accents, roll-ups, pints of bitter and a hint of spivs and shady

any other evening the most vivid imagination could not disguise the avalanche of peeling paint on every wall, the empty spaces between the paying customers. the results board barely visible under the grime, tired punters. tired bookies, tired staff beaten by the years and the inevitability of closure. Saddest of all, looking across the track from the depressed main enclosure, is the emptiness of the stands, so rarely populated that grass and weeds have grown. The effect is like some Wild West ghost-town.

Harry ("just call me Harry") is 50 and looks 70. Unemployed,

go anywhere else when this betting shop. It won't be the same. There used to be good times here." He pauses. "Well, days: both have no hope for the

The sale of Harringay to property developers has become a symbol of the fear of things to come. It was not the first grey- being taken over by a company of

been coming to Harringay for rebuilding-the even more nearly 30 years. "I'm not going to famous White City went the same way, and there have been closes," he says. "I'll go down the others. But Harringay, more than any other sale, is being gloomily seen as the harbinger of the victory of greed over sport. Its quite good times, and bad times owners, GRA (who have seven too. It's not been good here for a other tracks, including Wimblewhile." Harry and Harringay are a don), were in greyhound racing bit alike: both have seen better since the beginning. They owned the very first track in Britain, at Belle Vue, Manchester, If market forces proved irresistible to them over Harringay (and the whole group was within a touch of

immune. Tracks that even 10 years ago seemed to be sited in often unattractive no-man's land the Las Vegas of old Hollywood that no one else could possibly want, now find themselves highly prized for development. Even a profitable company committed to racing finds it hard to ignore ties, not least a takeover bid by the extra zeros that are suddenly

acquired in land value. Walthamstow does not intend going the same way. If Harringay is the ghost of racing past, Walthamstow is the blueprint for the future. The experience starts a mile away from the stadium, with the first sudden glowing view of a that greyhound racing needed to

coughing and dignified, he has hound stadium to be sold for developers) then few can be huge 1930s-style sign proclaiming Walthamstow Stadium around a neon racing dog. It is films, vulgarly enticing.

The stadium has been run by the Chandler family since it was built in 1933. It has had difficul-Corals which was repulsed only after a 33-day hearing in the High Court, but it is now generally agreed in the business that it is one of the two or three best run, most innovative tracks in the

What the Chandlers realized is

'Attitudes by successive governments are costing the sport millions and making it that much more vulnerable to developers.



Walthamstow-where you can place a bet without leaving your seat.

be comfortable for the spectators. There are seven bars and four restaurants (serving 1,000 meals on Saturday nights) and even, for those who want to stay on a while after the end of the meeting, a cabaret lounge. The Paddock Grill, the best of the restaurants, is, on one test anyway, London's (perhaps Britain's) most popular-for Saturday nights it is essential to book a table at least three months ahead.

The terraced ranks of tables allow diners to watch while eating, with a view of the track and of the closed-circuit television screens that descend like stalactites from the ceiling. Betting, for those too lazy to climb the steps to the many Tote windows, can be conducted through itinerant ladies who act as go-betweens. It is quite possible to spend an evening seeing, and betting on, every race without leaving the feast

The tables themselves are showing uneasy signs of occupation by City yuppies; and even a couple of Sloanes have been spotted. Going to the dogs is not quite yet part of the grand yuppie plan; the predominant culture is still large wads of twenties rather than credit cards, back pocket rather than Filofax. But the invasion of the yuppies cannot be long delayed.

Outside, the races proceed with precise timing and traditional trappings. The dogs are paraded, in line, past the stands, led by neatly uniformed licensed at too great a speed to notice any

paraders: a bowler-hatted steward checks them. In the grassed middle of the track fountains spurt and spray and a sign warns of the number of minutes left to bet. At one end a huge electronic board notes every unit bet on every greyhound on the stadium tote (which turned over £10 million last year). The numbers change too swiftly to allow more than a split-second look; the board is a fast-moving kaleidoscope of figures, impenetrable to the newcomer but totally comprehensible to the aficionado.

No sport is more computerized. Everywhere, outside or in. there are screens and boards with quickly changing information about the tote betting odds-for a win, for a forecast of the first two, the first three, the jackpot. Only the bookies continue to rely on guile, mathematical facility and the activities of the tic-tac men semaphoring the odds. The time for the race near, the yelping dogs are persuaded into their traps. The electrical rail starts whirring and the hare starter releases his charge. The absurd quarry rattles along the rail for half a circuit before passing the traps and instituting the chase that it never loses.

There is a brief flash of excitement, the inevitable shouts of "Come on my son" from punters who will only commit themselves to a number when they're sure it is going to win, and the race is over-in 30 to 40 seconds usually, and to the untrained eye





In sharp contrast to the neon splendour of Walthamstow Stadium. once proud Harringay is closing in September to make way for a supermarket. Peeling walls, empty stands and a sparsely attended Tote betting office are evidence of the decline. White City was an even

more famous victim of

the property developers

but elsewhere tracks are

being refurbished,

modernized and made

more respectable.

of the details. But the know-alls have seen a touch of baulking at the start, a corner taken too wide, interference down the straight, a dog not trying his best. The competitors do not know

the race is over and keep chasing the hare until it slows down and the handlers come in to pounce on them. The punters watch the video replay on the screens. Other screens immediately give the final odds, and the winners start lining up at the ticket windows and the bookies' stands to be paid. Then the whole process starts again, with the next race some 16 minutes away

night out for a £2.50 entrance retary, points out. "But we don't fee? You don't have to eat or drink anything if you don't want to. But if you do, where else can you find such a choice? There's no hooliganism, never any trouble, not even much bad language. It's a very well behaved crowd. Women can come and feel perfectly safe. No one will molest them, everyone shows respect," according to one regular racegoer.

Greyhound enthusiasts are proud of the sport's trouble-free record. "Even at horse-racing they're getting hooligans now,"

"Where else can you get a Fred Underhill, the NGRC's sechave them. No one gives us credit for that. There is still this inverted view of greyhound racing."

His frustration and resentment about the status of greyhound racing is undoubtedly shared by the majority of serious adherents to the sport. But Underhill believes that it is more than just a question of reputation. Attitudes by successive governments are costing the sport millions in revenue-and making it more vulnerable to the developers.

The main issue is over the betting levy-a percentage of the

bets staked in betting shops. About 25 per cent of bets taken are on greyhound racing, more when horse-racing is curtailed by the weather, or even frozen off for several weeks. Yet the entire levy-£23 million last yeargoes to help the horse-racing

to greyhounds, though a quarter of it originated there. Added to this injustice, Underhill believes that the greyhound tracks are being severely underpaid by off-course bookmakers for the use made of their daytime race meetings as a betting

medium and, more recently, that

industry. Not a penny is allocated

the fees offered for the right to beam live satellite television of races to the betting shops are grossly low.

For the Walthamstows of the greyhound scene, the sport is a lucrative part of the entertainments industry, enthusiastically and successfully expanding its ambitions and its markets. But the fear is that there are going to be as many Harringays-broken ghosts of former glory, easy prey to the new predators

The London tracks are: Catford, Hackney, Harringay (until September 27), Walthamstow, Wembley and Wimbledon.





English drama. "There's nothing like a crumbling bit of Old England to attract the Americans, and Balliol College, Oxford, is one hell of an address if you happen to come from Little Rock, Arkansas." Far left, Gil Segel, from California, is somewhat older than the other students-he is, in fact, retired-and he has not actually acted since he was at university. Left, Earle Gister, head of the Yale School of Drama, with some of his students. Yale is leading American drama teaching away from the old Brandoesque naturalism towards a more European vigour, script and technique.

Americans give their interpretation of classical

good deal of "truth", mumbling and tears before bedtime. But, according to Gister, all that is changing. Led by Yale, of California at Berkeley to start

D. J. KERZNER, a rangy, demon-

strative kid from Boston, learned

how to act "the Thursday before last". It came to him in a blinding

flash somewhere between a class

taken by Earle Gister of the Yale

School of Drama and one by Clare

Davidson, an English director. It

happened at Balliol College.

D.J.K. becomes a little vague when pressed as to what actually

took place. Judging by his mime,

it appeared to be something to do with his breathing and a long

curved thing coming out of his

chest. Never mind, he will go

back to Emerson School in

Boston a happy child. He will

take with him something only

we, the English, could have

What that precisely is was a

subject that provoked furious,

tortured introspection whenever

the matter was raised at the

British American Drama Academy (BADA). This extraordinary

organization runs its summer

school every year at Balliol. For

a month mainly well-heeled

American children come to

breathe the air that Shakespeare

breathed and to sit at the feet of

the rather less well-heeled British

acting profession. They want to

learn "classical" acting and its

techniques. This is a subject hard

to find on American syllabuses.

The usual way to gain course

credits stateside is via Method-

based confrontations between

actor and character involving a

provided.

American drama teaching is moving away from the old naturalism that brought you Marlon Brando muttering in the back of a cab. It is gradually being replaced by something with a touch of European rigour-more emphasis on the script and on technique. Gister says the latest generation of great film actors-de Niro, Hoffman, Pacino and so on-are products of the new thinking. In fact, according to the school's director Tony Branch. Robert de Niro even wants to

Brian Appleyard watches American students follow the tradition of classical acting at a summer school in Oxford, England

> come to teach at BADA. Branch is an amiable, beaming with the dreaming spires, ivy-clad 48-year-old who was at Cambridge reading law and was a Footlighter along with David Frost and John Cleese. He qualified as a barrister though his the Americans, and Balliol Colambitions were theatrical. But polio had left him with too bad a limp for him seriously to consider being an actor. Yet he could never quite bring himself to tuition, £750 for accommodation become a barrister either.

Taos. New Mexico where D. H. Lawrence had lived and emoted. He decided to organize a Lawrence Festival. It was ridiculously successful. Trevor Howard, Ian McKellen, Stephen Spender, Margaret Drabble and Elizabeth Taylor turned up and performances were staged at the local 200-seat theatre.

Branch seemed to have discovered a vocation. But there was only so much you could say about Lawrence, and Taos was a little off the beaten track. So, in 1982, he moved to Santa Fe and ioined forces with the University

the British American Theatre Institute, Simon Callow and Peter Jeffrey turned up but it was clear that the whole idea of the project-to bring American students in contact with British acting technique-really meant they should be based in England.

So they came to Balliol. It was an expensive way of doing things. Oxford colleges are fond of making money during the summer from all sorts of corporate customers who are unlikely to notice the cost-or the quality of the food-when confronted walls and the odd tweedy don. So they are not cheap. On the other hand there's nothing like a crumbling bit of Old England to attract lege, Oxford, is one hell of an address if you happen to come from Little Rock, Arkansas.

It costs the students £1,000 for and food, and on top of that they In 1980 he found himself in have air fares. Since some are as young as 17 and a few bequests have left only tiny sums for scholarships, they either have to have rich, indulgent parents or well-paid vacation work. But they still come-drawn by newspaper advertisements, word-of-mouth reputation and the fact that BADA gives them three course credits towards the 30 they will need to graduate in the States. For the youngest, Gister's presence also means they can put in plenty of earnest crawling with a view to getting a place at Yale.

This year was BADA's fourth and students now number over-120 compared with the 80 with





which they started. The list of teachers reads like a roll-call of the heartland of English theatre: Jonathan Miller, Derek Jacobi, Dorothy Tutin, Peggy Ashcroft, Judi Dench, Timothy West and so on. They are paid £500 a week—slightly more than they would get on an RSC contract—and teaching clearly gives them a rest from the condition of vulnerable egotism in which they are obliged to live the rest of their professional lives.

"We are crabs without shells," said "the beautiful" Rosemary Harris under a dripping Balliol chestnut, "here we are all able

Americans, England still has not only a direct contact with Shakespeare, it also has a body of dramatic technique as stylized, consistent and rigorous as that of Japanese Noh Theatre or Italian grand opera.

to understand each other."

She had been something of the star of this year's course. It is necessary to call her "the beautiful" because, if you don't, people look at you as if you had just stuck a Stanley knife in a Gainsborough. The Americans treasured her like some translucent piece of English china, crying "Oh, Rosemary!" whenever she forgot the times of her classes.

She told me the story of her biggest teaching coup this year. One student was a 55-year-old lawyer and accountant from Los Angeles called Gil Segel. He had been working on a speech from Shaw by a father about his daughter Ellie and persistently failing to get it quite right. Then she had suggested substituting the name of his own daughter—Jamie—and for one brief speech Gil was up there with the best of them.

"I always tell them to go for the goose bumps and we all got goose bumps when he did that speech," Rosemary Harris said. "Look, I've got them just telling you about it."

Segel is the real oddity of the course. A tanned, bearded, overwhelmingly fit-looking Californian, he is now retired and has not actually acted since he was at university. His brother had been studying law, too, but had dropped out to become an actor. His parents cast the brother into outer darkness and level-headed Gil did not dare to try the same stunt.

But at retirement he decided the time had come and he auditioned for BADA. These auditions are held all over the States and usually one in three or four are accepted. Segel passed in spite of his complete inexperience.

"I guess I've really been acting all my life. But this is just my fantasy. Oxford, theatre, all these actors, these great kids ... I'm even staying in a country cottage. What's your fantasy?"

Almost all the rest of the students mainstream American youth-bad-skinned, intense easterners, brown westerners made stringy by excessive aerobics and amiable, healthylooking mid-westerners. All wear those elaborate, layered and aggressive casual clothes and horribly complicated sneakers. They seem to like each other. The chattings-up during the first few days are so intense that the English director David Leveaux said you could never be sure if they were working on the real thing or a bit of As You Like It.

Leveaux himself seemed a little uneasy with all this youth and rising sap—he wore a tee-shirt which read "Life is hard. Then you die." The trick is to imagine the whole thing as basically an up-market version of *Fame*.

The classes themselves are weirdly varied. In a room above a firm of chartered accountants and Boswells—"Oxford's largest independent department store"—Ben Benison is teaching movement. Part of this involves twisting all those pampered Yankee torsos into the forms of hideously-deformed Victorian cripples. They lurch about for a while until Benison tells them to drop the character, stretch themselves and try a few primal

screams. The room fills with awful wails. Apparently the accountants have complained about this.

Elsewhere Paul Rogers is taking a sample of Reagan's gilded youth through George Bernard Shaw, chucking in odd biographical sidelines about the old fool as he goes along. The Americans laugh dutifully at the leaden Shavian gags.

But, Shakespeare apart, Harold Pinter was the big news at this year's BADA. "They just suck him up," said Rosemary Collins, busily photostating *Betrayal*. Over at the Balliol cricket pavilion Diana Quick was taking her class through some Pinter which was being performed in an odd, dimensionless way by a couple of students.

Back above Boswells, Geraldine McEwan took Howard Patlis and Suzanne Welch, both from Massachusetts, through *As You Like It.* Patlis had earlier explained why he had come on the course: "Well I'm really into performance art rather than classical drama. But I figure you can't paint abstractly until you know how to draw."

There are also voice classes from Andrew Jack-"Hello," he booms when introduced, disturbing a flight of pigeons in the fellows' garden-and individual tutorials. And the final big bonus this year was that BADA had really gone international. Both the Berliner Ensemble and the Moscow Art Theatre had been invited. The Comédie Française was supposed to come too but had demanded more money than anybody else. The Russians were happy as long as they were kept in beer and paid in cash.

The East Germans had turned out to be something of a sensation, though, on the face of it, teaching Stalinist drama to the Kids from Fame scarcely promises fireworks. Joachim Tenschert from the Ensemble had started his first talk with "I am a Marxist" and then embarked on a couple of days of quite spectacular opacity. Midway through the week he had clicked and by the end the students were trotting through Brecht as if he were Tennessee Williams.

The Russians, in contrast, arrived oozing glasnost. Oleg Yefremov, the director of the theatre, and two actors, Oleg Borisov and Anastasia Vertinskya, would stand about chainsmoking and looking approachable. But the new Gorbachev regime was put to the test by the presence of Valentina Yakunina, a kneeweakening blonde who had come to Britain some time ago

and stayed to marry a television producer, Richard Denton. Denton was at BADA for the BBC, complete with crew and wife. There was a time when the embassy would have seen to it that they left in protest. But glasnost allowed them to get on like a dacha on fire.

All of which meant that Brecht and Chekhov were added to Shakespeare as providers of the sacred BADA texts that were clutched, dog-eared and rumpled, in the students' hands.

But Shakespeare is what it is really all about. Branch's original inspiration had been the poor quality of Shakespearian performances in the States and Segel did seem to think it was hardly worth going to the theatre over there. Although he did add that, having been to see a truly awful *Julius Caesar* by the RSC in London, he thought there was hope for them yet.

Earle Gister said that they were all there simply because England happened to have produced the world's greatest dramatist. If the Bard had been Japanese they would all have been absorbing Mount Fuji, cherry blossom and paper walls. As it was they were in Oxford facing the rain, alarming cookery and walls of honeycoloured stone.

These walls—they speak to you if you let them," said Gister. They wouldn't actually say much as Balliol is a dreadful architectural hotch-potch, most of it a good deal more recent than it pretends. But the truth of this summer school, as seen by Gister, suddenly becomes rather touching and, for the poor jaded English, startling. To stage-struck Americans England still has not only a direct contact with Shakespeare, it also has a body of dramatic technique as stylized, consistent and rigorous as that of Japanese Noh Theatre or Italian grand opera. To them we are not a slummy outcrop of smart Europe or a minor colony of a rich America. We actually have this ineffable, inimitable quality which, if you go along with Gister, can be smelt in the air or can be seen in the rain-battered

Outside, workmen are noisily scrubbing, drilling and hammering bits of Balliol. Students loaf with the air of terminal indolence that only the young can ever quite manage, while others gather in little knots to read their lines to each other or strike Shakespearian poses. You will barely hear a cynical word from any of them about England, acting-or even the weather. It is all very odd \bigcirc



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The price of independence

Lewis Chester tells how Britain's newest quality newspaper is gaining from its losses.

THE INDEPENDENT newspaper will be one year old next month and can be forgiven a little self-congratulation. The prediction that Rupert Murdoch would strangle the infant in its cot before it had time to wave its rattle has not come to pass.

It is still too early, however, to call the newspaper a total success story. To remain truly independent it must make money and that—with losses running at around £200,000 a month—is not an immediate prospect.

Andreas Whittam Smith, the newspaper's editor and chief executive, is not intimidated. "We've carried out Mission Impossible eight times," he says, "and we do not really see why we should not complete the course."

Whittam Smith himself, the 50-year-old son of an Anglican canon, has been the clue to success in most of the missions so far. Indeed, without him there would have been no adventure. The once absurd idea that a journalist could assemble and run his own national paper occurred when he was city editor of *The Daily Telegraph*.

He was telephoned by an American journalist and asked whether Eddy Shah's *Today*, which had just been announced as the first national daily wholly based on new direct-inputting technology, could work. Whittam Smith said it couldn't, then put the phone down and thought perhaps...

With two younger *Telegraph* colleagues, Matthew Symonds and Stephen Glover, he trawled the City and raised £18 million for the notion that a gap existed for a new quality broadsheet aimed at the classic yuppie market of 20-to-45-year-olds. The new-technology aspect of the venture, aimed at bypassing the restrictions of the old print unions, was a major selling point.

With premises located in City Road, hard by the last resting places of William Blake and Daniel Defoe, the founders sought to assemble the greatest team of living journalists. Not superstar columnists, but those in specialist fields like education, labour and medicine who were recognized by their peers as being the best. Whittam Smith and his energetic home editor, Jonathan Fenby, were especially successful in plundering the talent of Times Newspapers, then demoralized by the Wapping dispute.

"In terms of quality I'm driving a Rolls-Royce," Whittam Smith said after the recruitment phase, "but it's always possible to put a Rolls-Royce into the ditch."

It was the start of Mission Dummy, the most exhaustive pre-launch trials in modern journalism.

The Independent may have been only learning from the mistakes of Today, which had launched with untested equipment and undertrained journalists, but learning from the mistakes of others is not necessarily that easy. News on Sunday, another venture using new technology, was launched six months

after *The Independent* and still managed to replicate all the mishaps of *Today* with a few more thrown in.

The first issue of *The Independent* for sale—on October 7, 1986—was in fact the 32nd that had been run off the presses at its four provincial printing plants. It was an undeniably efficient, even elegant-looking, publication though there was some carping. One Fleet Street editor felt it was reminiscent of the *Christian Science Monitor circa* 1950, another thought it ideal for those who find the *Wall Street Journal* too exciting.

With launch sales of over 650,000 it seemed that *The Independent* could ignore the snideries of its rivals. Then a curious thing happened. As the newspaper won wider and wider critical acclaim, its sales went remorselessly down and down.

By the turn of the year it had picked up a fistful of journalistic awards, including the Granada TV accolade for "Newspaper of the Year", and its circulation had plummeted to 257,000—almost 120,000 below the breakeven figure.

"At that point," says Fenby, "I have to admit that we began to feel that the prediction made by the editor of *The Times* that we would be lucky to wind up with 200,000 might be right. It was a tense time."

Climbing out of the dive was perhaps the most difficult mission of all. Trimming the operation by reducing the number of printing plants to three helped, so did the recruitment of new columnists, in particular Peter Jenkins from *The Sunday Times*, but the key factor seems to have been a more aggressive news stance. Instead of simply trying to improve on the coverage of its rivals, the paper started to seek out and break its own stories.

This started early in the year when Terry Kirby, the crime correspondent, unearthed the story of Trevor Monerville, a north London black who had suffered grievously in police custody. On most newspapers crime correspondents, dependent as they are on Scotland Yard for basic information, fight shy of such stories. *The Independent* had already established its determination to work outside the lobby system in Parliament; now it appeared ready to bust informal lobby systems in other areas.

The great leap forward came in April when Whittam Smith decided that he could see no sense in the Government's ban on *Spycatcher*, the book by the renegade MI5 man Peter Wright. This produced the newspaper world's version of a top-secret operation involving Fenby, Anthony Bevins, the political writer, and Sarah Helm, a young reporter. All three hunkered down with the manuscript and a checklist in a "safe" flat off the Tottenham Court Road for two weeks. Paranoia reigned.

From Wright's memoirs they learned that he would usually plant bugs by posing as a telephone repairman or as a decorator. Sure enough, a man saying he was from British Telecom rang to inquire about a fault on the line and decorators started work on the landing the next day. When Mission Wright was accomplished they inclined to the view that it might have been safer, and certainly less nerve-wracking, to have done it in a corner of the newsroom.

Breaking the Wright story ensured a place for Whittam Smith in the dock along with a number of other Fleet Street editors, but it also gave the newspaper what it most required—a quality of the unexpected. The Wright disclosure had been followed by a succession of others in areas like armsdealing, nuclear safety, newspapers and aviation hazards.

Assisted by the General Election, when the paper resolutely refused to endorse any political party and was rewarded with 20,000 new readers, the circulation has climbed steadily. It is now back around 330,000, still short of break-even but Whittam Smith sees a possibility of achieving this goal by next spring.

Recently he decided to soldier on by extending the newspaper's overdraft—now approaching £3 million—rather than go back cap in hand to the original investors for more funds. There is no doubt that on performance and promise *The Independent* could easily raise more capital, and its main shareholders like the Pru and Legal & General have not made a murmur of criticism of the enterprise. But with the Mirror Group's Robert Maxwell, who bought almost 5 per cent through nominees, lurking on the sidelines there is an understandable reluctance to tamper with patterns of ownership.

The paradox is that while *The Independent* struggles to eke out its funds, it has become one of the hottest newspaper properties in the land. Some idea of its value can be gauged from the fact that *Today*, which was losing almost £1 million a month, was purchased for £32 million by Murdoch's News International. This must put *The Independent* in the £50 million plus class, if it were for sale.

There is no doubt that it is hurting papers with much larger resources. The latest audited circulation figures show that *The Independent* had harmed the readership of the *Express* and *Daily Mail*. Among the qualities, *The Daily Telegraph* has withstood the challenge best but its circulation is down. *The Guardian* and *The Times* have been savaged—each losing almost 60,000 copies daily since *The Independent* hit the streets.

Perhaps the most potent symbol of *The Independent*'s success over its first year is the new note sounded by Murdoch's executives. All talk of strangulation is past. They are now on the phone to Whittam Smith's key executives offering jobs at Wapping at twice the money \bigcirc





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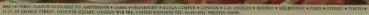
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externals—square build, strong voice, and a tendency to pebble-dash his conversation with profanity—John Prescott emerges as a well-briefed, technically expert, exceptionally intelligent politician. He has systematically gained friends and allies in the jobs he has done but rarely, if ever, in the Press, for which he is partly to blame himself.

THE HIDDEN JOHN PRESCOTT

BY EDWARD PEARCE

POLITICIANS, like ethnic minorities, dislike stereotyping. There is tremendous pressure to use verbal shorthand to define a public figure, sometimes beyond the reach of truth

Nobody has suffered worse from this than John Prescott, second in the Shadow Cabinet poll, and now Opposition Energy spokesman. Perhaps as his abilities and his high level of support in the Parliamentary Labour Party make themselves felt, people will remember how able they thought

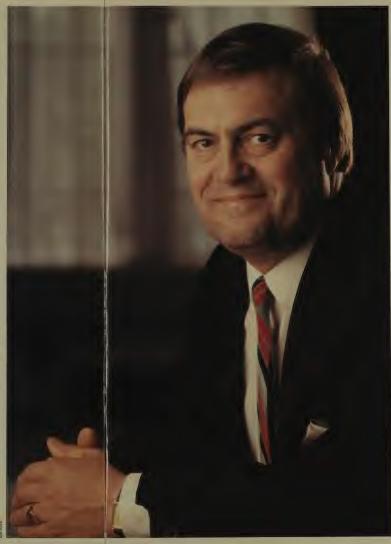
he was all along. What they tend to say at present is that he is a trade union heavy, a ponderous, violent-mannered battler of the kind that gets labour a bad name, and that his presence on the front bench is a concession to union sentiment and to the need for a token proletarian.

If one looks beyond the externals—square build, strong voice, and a tendency to pebble-dash his conversation with profanity—John Prescott emerges as a well briefed, technically

expert, exceptionally intelligent politician. He has systematically gained friends and allies in the jobs he has done (his career is already longer than most people realize) but rarely, if ever, in the Press, for which he is partly to blame himself.

He had been, for three-and-ahalf years, leader of the nominated Labour Group in Europe before he came into West-

John Prescott, Labour's spokesman for Energy—and the rational left.



minster; and, paradoxically, one of David Owen's admired stratagems—willingness for Labour to contest European elections—was first put forward by Prescott an anti-European. Owen chanced to get the credit, but Prescott was on record with a newspaper article and can claim paternity.

He has been a source of surprisingly emollient and diplomatic ideas before Prescott, the MP for Hull and a National Union of Seamen's activist, resisted a futile pursuit of the second Cod War with Iceland and personally negotiated terms with the Icelandic Defence Minister. Those terms were then grandly repudiated by the Foreign Office. James Callaghan, the then Foreign Secretary, was campaigning for the party leadership and the Prime Ministership and was not anxious to be associated with concessions and compromise (he got his own, inferior, compromise later).

Differences between the Knight of the Garter and Prescott go back a long way but they are neither so deep nor so wide (nor so nasty) as Press reports fed by a Tory backbencher made the famous pre-Election canteen encounter appear. "You've put us in it again, you bastard," is actually quite mild for Prescott, whose Black & Decker style of address so disguises everything else about him. In fact, although there was anger, it has to be seen in the joshing and mock-abusive context of a relationship with plenty of respect in it. When Callaghan as Prime Minister had wanted to bring François Mitterrand grandly on stage at a rally. Prescott, his chairman, inquired affably, "And what'll the band play-Entry of the Gladiators?

Callaghan did, after all, offer him the European Commissionship, more esteemed then than now. Today it might look like marginalism, so many marginal politicians have since held it, but in the slip-stream of Roy Jenkins it was a gem-set and glittering prize for a young MP with three years in Strasbourg behind him. It glittered every which way, actually. Prescott's friends have calculated on his behalf that when he politely refused, he turned down a compound sum (without expenses) of £460,000.

Yet if anything has been apparent about John Prescott since Harold Wilson, during the seamen's strike, denounced the strikers against a company union as "a tightly knit group of politically motivated men", it is that Prescott, who was one of them, has rectitude and is unseducable by money, status or the cajoling

of important people. It is not altogether an accident that he shares a flat when in London with the Derbyshire Robespierre himself, Dennis Skinner, a man who would regard the offer of a cigarette as bribery and corruption.

But Prescott is neither as leftwing nor as unrealistic as Skinner. In the creditable sense of the word, he is a pragmatist, interested in problem-solving and willing to work harder than is wise to find solutions.

What has to be appreciated is that Prescott is now a force in his own right in Labour politics.

Campaign (hard left). The significance of those results has been totally and systematically misread by the Press as a triumph for Neil Kinnock. It is nothing of the kind. The substitution of a group of mediocre mid-leftists Hughes, Jo Richardson, etc) for a group of mediocre mid-rightists (Peter Archer, Giles Radice, etc) together with one outstanding and lamented figure in Peter Shore—is not a triumph for Kinnock.

What had existed until this jarring together of the plates of the earth had been a personal deal, a

Prescott, so systematically patronized, written off and demoted in advance, is potentially a pivotal figure. He is effectively the spokesman of the rational left. And because he is lucid, constructive and tremendously hard-working, we should expect his influence to be benign.9

Before the Shadow Cabinet elections there was talk of him being demoted from Employment back to Transport, and friends say that in a blue and despondent mood he toyed with the idea himself, frankly as a cop-out. He knew the subject backwards, his union friends would be pleased and it would involve him much less with the floor of the House of Commons where he hates having to perform. Even after the Shadow Cabinet elections he has had to settle for Energy, more important to Labour because of its union implications, but below his strength as a vote puller.

One cannot emphasize too vehemently that Labour has three factions-Solidarity (right wing), Tribune (soft left) and

Kinnock-Right coalition with the soft left brought along as dumb shareholders with voting rights. Gerald Kaufman and Roy Hattersley and their friends had relaxed in such sun as ever shines on a Labour politician these days while a series of left-wingers had been taken off the Shadow Cabinet. The explosive advance this time of Prescott and the frankly hopeless Michael Meacher, as well as the acquisition of dead souls from Tribune to give them support, suggests that somehow, somewhere, the left vote in the PLP managed to use its combined strength.

The balance has changed. The new coalition is not bostile to Kinnock. It will not necessarily press for more left-wing politics. Indeed, one could overestimate the ideological content of any Labour group. What matters is that Tribune, the incoherent mid-left grouping, is now very important and can, if it must. summon up the Campaign Group to vote with it against Kinnock's personal interests.

We are talking about power, about personalities and about the disposition of the first among the second. The new ability of Tribune to call up the far left to vote with it is a measure of the defeat which that far left has suffered. If it had been thought dangerous. Tribune would never have dallied in such company.

But the evident power of the Tribune group greatly increases the stature of Prescott. In ideological terms it will mean very little, and nothing will be done to prejudice the finding of common-sense solutions, but packaging may now count for less and politicians other than Neil Kinnock may be seen reasserting themselves.

Prescott, so systematically patronized, written off and demoted in advance, is potentially a pivotal figure. He is effectively the spokesman of the rational left. And because he is lucid, constructive and hardworking, we should expect his influence to be benign.

His political position is partly a matter of class roots and loyalty. The very things which keep him away from sought-after dinner parties among elegant and beautifully finished people conspire to underscore his strength with his own people.

Like his friend Skinner he has made no concessions to the Gordon Reece theory of politics—that with a lovely modulated voice you will be a lovely modulated person. In a country with such fine calibrations of snobbery that could be a mistake. But he remains what he is, the son of a railwayman and grandson of a miner, someone who started life in Prestatyn, moved via Liverpool to Chester, missed grammar school, worked as a ship's steward but found salvation (indeed exaltation) in Ruskin College and Hull University. His only known relaxation is jazz. He and his wife Pauline are frequenters of Ronnie

His roughness is fine by those who know him or bother to find out, but it rather symbolizes a conflict in Labour's nature which has always been there, not between right and left but between smooth and rough, Jacob and Esau. It is currently being played out between two Tribune

members, Prescott and Bryan Gould. Their relations are by no means bad but they are shaded with unease. Nobody, least of all Prescott, disputes how very good—clever, persuasive, temperate and sensible—Gould is. but their responsibilities overlapped at election time and some resentment was felt.

Gould can talk superbly to Parliament and through television to the country; he is also, as Prescott admiringly notes, a creator of ideas and policies. So, too, is Prescott, who has more detailed, thought-out policy pamphlets to his name than is widely realized. But another Prescott talent is for talking to the party and to the unions as one of them. He speaks their language.

What he will not be, despite his trade union credentials, is a friend of inefficiency, statutory over-manning and high unit costs. He is left-wing out of class memory, temperament and just a little calculation. Ironically, his first political mentor was Peter Shore, the mind and conscience of the Labour Right, whose PPS he was. He retains great respect for Shore, not least for his immaculate straightness. But he saw how Shore lost—by falling between factions. He will not make that mistake.

John Prescott's people such as Tom Pendry and Peter Snape—worry most that he will literally kill himself with overwork. The briefcase bulges, the meeting schedule is thick, he goes avidly about the country to speak, picking up in the process a vital wedge of Scottish support. He is aware of the risk, but one of the most attractive things about him is that he does this work out of the zest of a man who has discovered himself. He found out by gradual degrees that he was bright, that he understood intellectual concepts, that he was more than a shrewd heavy with good union contacts, that problems engaged his mind.

Prescott wins arguments because he researches facts and thinks rationally. The time will come quite soon, though the leader vehemently resists the idea at present, when with Kinnock, Smith and Gould (as Hattersley fades from the light of common day), he will sit at the small top table of opposition.

If he can soften his manner, smile more and let the jazz he loves unwind his tense, defensive personality, the personal rewards will be great. If we can get over our distaste for rough people, it will become apparent that elevation for John Prescott will be good news for us all O

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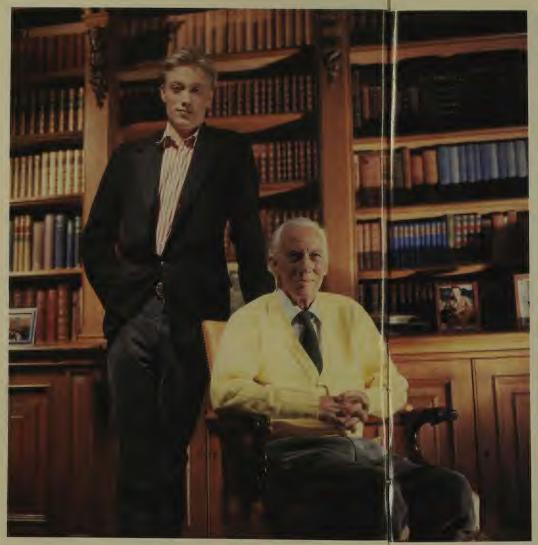
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Model families

What passes for style in the model British family? Catwalk couture? While fashion pundits predict short, sharp and sexy, what do we really wear? We asked young models, and would-be models, to show off their personal style. Then we asked them to bring along their family background. The results were intriguing . . .

Photographs by Peter Ashworth.

T GEORGE DE LA RUE likes to wear the clothes which his father, the third baronet, wore 50 years ago. St George discovered this 40s black jacket in an old wardrobe at the top of Ayton Castle, had it lined and called it fine. His shoes have a similar antecedence, being suede brogues with which his father cut a dash in the 30s.

The jeans, black Levis, are somewhat newer, coming from he'd look very smart. He's got the King's Road a few years ago; the shirt is from California. After Stowe School and an Oxford crammer, St George went to Hollywood to lend class to particularly like his shoes, half of American parties as an aristocrat acting as a butler (a rather eccentric pastime since at his home near Berwick-upon-Tweed he would be more likely to employ a butler; but it gave him a tan and a few extra shirts).

Sir Eric de la Rue's own eccentricities have earned not a little more comfortable than new comment, according to his 22year-old son.

"He would wear wellington boots summer and winter, even in the house, and his everyday clothes were always moth-eaten, inch and terribly skinny.

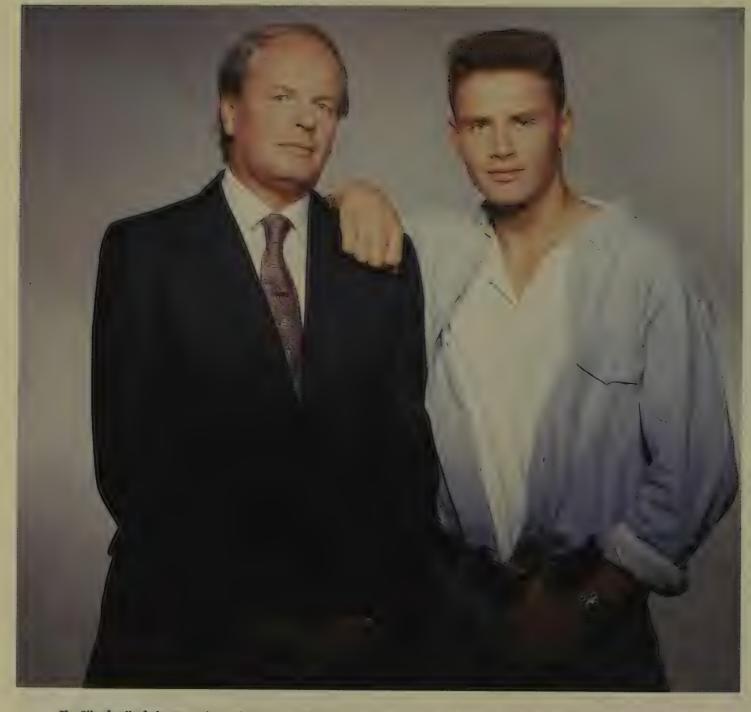
full of holes which he would mend himself and put patches all

"He fought in the Second World War in the Middle East; after that he just went grouse and pheasant shooting all the time, so he always wore breeches, as he does in the photograph. The vellow cardigan was given as a Christmas present.

"When he was going to dinner three huge wardrobes jampacked with clothes. Most are Savile Row or from Burlington Arcade from the 30s and 40s. I which are from Lobbs, and his cuff-links, which are inherited.

"Father is 81 now so he doesn't shop. I hate shopping myself. I prefer to wear his clothes. I rarely buy more, only when something wears out completely. I like his clothes better, anyway. They feel

St George is awaiting the right kind of offer before becoming a professional model. "I'd do it if it was lucrative. But I'm 6 feet 1



The Giles family: father Barry in Austin Reed, son Rick in second-hand style from Kensington High Street. "I enjoy modelling most clothes but prefer to wear jeans myself. I think my dad's clothes are all right but need re-styling. I accept that what he wears is fashionable for his generation—but I couldn't wear it myself . . ."

ICK GILES stepped off the Levi jeans fashion shoot, changed into his Levi jeans and went home. His father, Barry, doesn't believe his son has changed them since. "Richard wears the same clothes every day of the week; then he tells me my clothes need re-styling."

At 18, Rick has been a professional model for two years, having been discovered outside a London pub by an agency when he was on holiday from Stowe School, which he left this year. His client list includes Joseph

Tricot, Jean-Paul Gaultier, Jasper Conrad and *Tatler* magazine, where he was transformed into a well-heeled punk and painted, not quite all over.

These particular jeans were bought second-hand from High Street, Kensington, market. "The rest look as if they came from the same place," said his father, managing director of the family electrical firm and wearing an Austin Reed suit for the photograph rather than his usual blazer and flannels. "I'm conventional; always wear a suit for anything

special. The shirt I got in Hong Kong; they made me half-a-dozen in 24 hours. The tie was a Christmas present; they usually are, so they're nothing to do with my own style. Shoes came from Portugal but they're French: Charles Jourdan, probably some little back-street place.

"We may not dress similarly now but we're very alike; I can see it mostly when Rick has tantrums. As for style, well, one day he'll dress like me. He laughs when I tell him that but I'm sure it's true. You wait..."



The Gerhauser family: mother Christine in Cache D'Or, William senior in Yves St Laurent, William junior in Levis and a second-hand flying jacket, and Kate in Monsoon and Next Too. "We've got such different styles: mother enjoys being seen, father is a lot quieter, I'm more reserved, and William just enjoys himself . . ."

ATE GERHAUSER is said to have what it takes to make it big as a model, but just now she's a 17-year-old St Paul's schoolgirl who is shy and wears sprigged skirts. She arrived for the photograph in a world of her own and an outfit that is half Monsoon and half Next Too.

"I think," she said, "that I'll probably end up like my mother; but just now I'm very different. I like smart, flowing clothes. Some people think I dress quite old for my age; they can't understand why I don't wear jeans."

Her mother Christine and father William own the American Club in Piccadilly, and live in Knightsbridge, Box Hill, where they have a racehorse stud, and Florida, where they have a grandmother.

"Mother is the one who likes to be seen; she's always on show at the club and her clothes reflect her personality, like this Cache D'Or suit. Father is smart but he's a lot quieter; he is wearing an Yves St Laurent suit."

Kate was another model discovery. She was spotted in Sloane

Square, but plans a more scientific future at Oxford University.

And brother William, the James Dean of the family? "He's been a model for a year now. He left Westminster School at 16 and he's been enjoying himself ever since. He's wearing black 501s, a T-shirt and a second-hand flying jacket someone gave him. That's him completely. He always looks like that. He didn't just put it on for the picture. I think sometimes my parents would like him to be a bit smarter but I can't see that happening somehow..."

The curious tale of the Lydian Hoard

Melik Kaylan reveals the skulduggery that took part of Turkey's heritage into the shady side of the international art market.

OSMAN the blacksmith descended into the chamber. It was unexpectedly cold inside, pitchdark, and utterly silent. It seemed as if no living thing had been in that place for millennia. Nothing stirred, not an insect or a grain of dust

The first swing of Osman's lantern revealed a body-length white-marble bier on which, at one end, lay a head of hair and a kind of powder where the bones must have been. Another swing, and the tomb glowed with reflected light. Scores of silver and gold artifacts lay glittering about him. He went quickly to work. "One silver jug," Osman shouted as he passed an object to friends through the hole above. "Two gold bracelets ... three silver incense burners ... one bronze jug with top," and so on. To this day, he is able to recall much of the treasure and, more queasilyfor grave-robbing is a disquieting business—the time of entry into the tomb. It was the sixth hour of the sixth day of the sixth month of 1966.

In 1986 Osman described to a reporter some of the pieces he had removed from the tomb near his village in west central Turkey, an area known in classical antiquity as Lydia, then and now celebrated for the legendary wealth of its sixth-century BC monarch Croesus. Just one of the items, Osman recalled, was 'a small silver bowl, with 18 bearded heads around it, each about the size of my thumb". In 1984 the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York, as part of a new permanent exhibition, put on display just such a bowltwo, in fact, their date of acquisition 1966, their provenance "East Greek", and how they got there a mystery

The story behind this mystery is the story of the East Greek Treasure, otherwise known as the Lydian Hoard, an approximately 255-piece collection of mostly silver and gold objects dating back some 2,600 years. One of the greatest archaeological finds of recent times, the treasure is priceless.

The Turkish government wants it back, claiming that it is

part of the country's patrimony and that it was illegally smuggled out of the country 20 years ago. The government has recently filed a suit in New York which will decide where the hoard originated, how the Met acquired it, to whom it belongs and, bying the State Department in Washington, in case of a legal and diplomatic showdown.

The crucial question in a lawsuit over the affair will be where the artifacts originated. Quite simply, the Turkish government will try to prove that the Met's

Illicit digging continues: arrests are made in Sardis in 1986.

eventually, who will keep it. The controversy is practically unprecedented in the art world and promises to generate a passionate debate between those for the retention of the hoard and those who want repatriation. In many ways it mirrors the old controversy over the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum although of course their ownership is unlikely ever to be tested in the courts.

Already the Met's lawyers are boxing clever by suggesting that, irrespective of where the hoard came from, the action is subject to the statute of limitations. They say that the Turks first made inquiries about the artifacts in the mid 70s and that a suit should have followed within three years. The Turks reply that their inquiries were merely an effort to establish the origin of the hoard.

Temperatures are on the rise: Turkey is threatening a halt to American-sponsored archaeological digs and has retained a topdrawer New York law firm in readiness for a court battle with the Met. The museum and its lawyers are said to be busy lob-

East Greek Treasure was illegally excavated in Turkey and smuggled out of the country and that Turkey therefore is legally entitled to have it all back. The Turkish case will rest on precedents set by a series of legal decisions over the past decade in which US courts have ordered repatriation of a variety of cultural artifacts to the places from which they came. Most worrisome for the Met, the decisions have recognized foreign cultural-patrimony laws as binding in the United States, even if the objects are located decades after the original theft.

The consequences of a lawsuit between the Metropolitan and Turkey could be very serious indeed. Three great treasures from Turkey, besides the Lydian Hoard, have found their way to the United States since the late 50s: the Byzantine Sion Treasure, at Dumbarton Oaks; in Washington, DC; a miraculous collection of full-size imperial Roman bronzes, which has now been sold off piecemeal to museums and private collectors; and the more than 135piece Bronze Age collection at

Boston's Museum of Fine Arts, said to be the "Dorak" Treasure.

If the Lydian Hoard goes back, the pressure on other museums to return not just Turkish artifacts but those of other countries as well will be overwhelming. A decision against the Met could also have a powerful effect on the antiquities trade, for if such collections have to be returned even after many years, what profit will there be in buying or selling smuggled artifacts? The flow of illegal antiquities will be severely curtailed. And, of course, a victory for the Turkish government would substantially affect the climate in which Britain continues to hold works of art that are claimed by other

Wondrous though the treasure may be, it is not by itself quite worth an international incident for either party. In the mid 60s the Metropolitan paid out, according to various reports, between \$1.17 million and \$1.7 million for the treasure-not a prince's ransom by today's standards. Why, then, so much loin-girding on both sides? To explain what is really at stake for both parties, how far they are willing to go and why, one must trace the near-labyrinthine history of the treasure from the day of its discovery

To begin with, Osman's escapade was just one of four illegal excavations at about the same time in the same area. The total yield from all four incidents constitutes the so-called Lydian Hoard. In uncovering and dispersing their haul, the locals followed customary procedures.

So replete is Turkish soil with ancient artifacts that otherwise unsophisticated villagers have long since become experts in the antiquities trade. In the Sardis area, ancient Lydia's capital, the tomb-makers of old layered the mounds with soot, to absorb damp, and covered them with imported stones, both substances easily detected after an earthquake or a storm betrays their presence. Villagers then go to work with long steel poles, skewering the rubble in search of enclosed rooms or empty



'A dealer who offered too little for the goods had hot-pepper dust thrown in his eyes and he is blind to this day.'

spaces within. (In Osman's case, a blacksmith was needed because the tomb had impenetrable marble doors.) The excavation completed, the villagers simply put out word on the grapevine, and dealers from around the country come to view the merchandise.

There were a couple of minor hitches in the Lydian Hoard caper. An early casualty was a dealer who offered too little for the goods. As a punishment for his greed, hot-pepper dust was thrown in his eyes and he is blind to this day. Of the grave robbers, only the crew from Osman's dig were caught. During the excavation a witness from a different village went to the police, some miles away. By the time they arrived, it was dark and half the treasure had disappeared. The remaining half was still at the house of Durmush, a wall builder and the ringleader.

Arriving chez Durmush, the police shouted a warning. They were met by a volley of shots. In the ensuing confusion, the ringleader and his relatives got away, only to be caught later and tried with the others. All were sentenced to three months in prison. Bitterness still exists among the conspirators because the lost half of the treasure was in fact in the possession of the ringleader's wife. Durmush sold it and shared the money with his son-in-law, leaving the others, including Osman, out of the deal. Hence the willingness of the others to talk ever since.

They have, in some ways, received satisfaction by way of what some locals view as the proverbial curse of the tomb. Durmush suffered a stroke and has been paralysed for years. His son was murdered in a knife fight. His son-in-law died under the tractor he bought with his ill-gotten proceeds of the robbery.

According to the Turks, the Lydian Hoard was bought up by a dealer from Izmir named Ali Bayirlar, also known as Ali Baba. Turkish officials claim that Ali Baba, having rounded up most of the treasure, sold it to the international antiques dealer John Klejman, a regular vendor to the Met, and that Klejman sold the collection to the museum in the late 60s.

Klejman, now dead, had con-

siderable experience in cloakand-dagger undertakings. He was reputed to be the storied "Colonel Wolf" of Second World War fame, who was hotly pursued by the Nazis for organizing armed Jewish resistance in the Warsaw ghetto. He was interned in a concentration camp in the last months of the war, evaded recognition long enough to survive, and established a flourishing antiquities business in New York and Switzerland. (Switzerland is the global capital of art smuggling and laundering, because of its lax customs laws.) Klejman claimed in newspaper interviews down the years that he had bought the treasure, its place of origin unknown, from ignorant traders in Europe in

place of origin unknown, from ignorant traders in Europe in



The opening to the Lydian tomb in Sardis made by Osman the blacksmith, top, and accomplices in June, 1966 when they discovered the treasure.

1966, selling it to the Met in three parts, the last in 1968.

The Turkish authorities dispute that story. They claim to be able to track that part of the treasure that came from Osman's dig and one other to Ali Bayirlar to Kleiman to the Metropolitan, and their evidence is very strong indeed. First, there is the testimony of the grave robbers. They can identify pieces in the Met's possession. Then, there are the chunks of the treasure left behind in the tomb and those confiscated at the ringleader's house. Many of the items match those in the museum. Then again, there is a little-known trip that Andrew Oliver, then a Met curator, made in 1969 to the tomb that Osman looted. There, he saw a stone sphinx of which there is an exact counterpart in the museum's possession.

Much evidence can also be found to document a connexion between Ali Baba and Kleiman. When the redoubtable Turkish journalist Özgen Acar, who wrote the definitive reports on the Lydian Hoard controversy in Turkish newspapers last summer, first questioned Ali Baba about his role in the events of 20 years ago, Ali Baba denied having any memory of them. When Acar approached him again some weeks later on the basis of new-found documentary evidence, Ali Baba threatened his life for dredging up the past. The threat did not make the documents any less damning. Turkish government memoranda had been unearthed which, astonishingly, stated that a Turkish archaeologist visiting the Met in 1973 had received information from a curator at the Metropolitan Museum of Art named Dietrich von Bothmer, who claimed Klejman had bought the artifacts from a dealer named Ali Bayirlar. (Supposedly, von Bothmer had unexpectedly been cornered by the Turkish archaeologist, whom he had originally refused to see, at an international symposium of curators. He later denied his

For its part, the Metropolitan now does not recognize the existence of a "Lydian Hoard" as such, although in the past the museum has reportedly referred to a single treasure. As for the items the Met bought from Klej-



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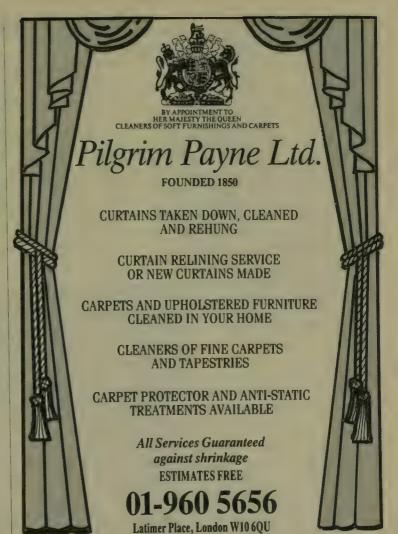
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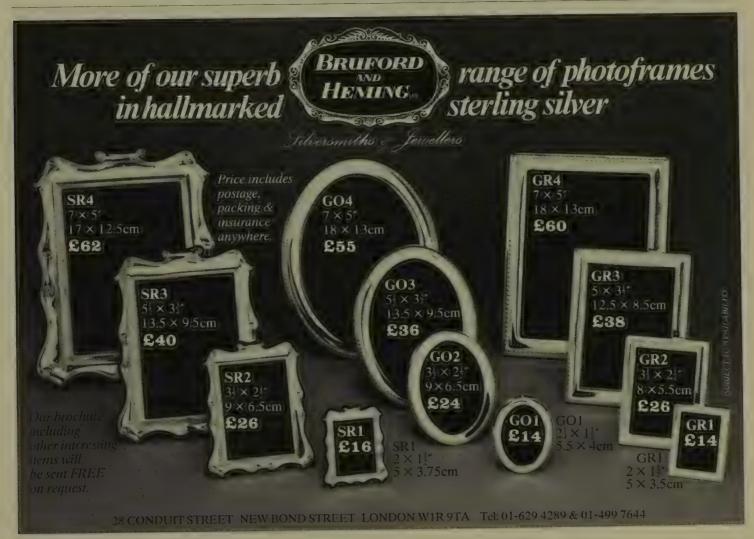
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'Metropolitan curator von Bothmer was deeply involved in the acquisition . . . going so far as to pay for some of it himself.'

man, it labels the ones on display "East Greek", meaning they could have come from Greece or Turkey, rather than from the specific area in Turkey called Lydia. The decision is a crucial one and is consistent with the Met's new contention that there is not a single, cohesive treasure. In legal terms the museum throws the burden on the Turks who, unable to speak of a single treasure, must identify each object separately and prove its provenance. Small wonder, then, that the museum has displayed only a small part of the hoard, keeping the rest secreted in vaults. Any object that Turkey cannot ask for specifically, and then prove was illegally excavated, the museum will keep.

Behind the Met's acquisition of the Lydian Hoard and its 20 years of obfuscation in the matter looms the Teutonic figure of Dietrich von Bothmer, dean of curators and chairman of the Department of Greek and Roman Art. One of the world's top experts on Greek vases, immensely wealthy and married to an oil heiress, von Bothmer is a "grand acquisitor" of the old school, with a forbidding

According to confidential museum documents, von Bothmer was deeply involved in the acquisition of the Lydian Hoard, going so far as to pay for some of it himself. (The amounts cited are in the tens of thousands of dollars.) When questioned, he refused to acknowledge the existence of the Lydian Hoard as an identifiable entity: "There are many possible objects [the Turks] could be referring to, from many collections; which ones are they talking about? (Presumably, they are talking about the same collection that Metropolitan Museum officials alluded to in a 1974 New York Times article, in which they were quoted as saying, "If [the Turks] could prove it was taken from one of their places illegally, we would be happy to discuss restitution with them.")

However, when asked about the antipathy of archaeologists towards him (according to one Met curator, von Bothmer is "often criticized by archaeologists because he is more interested in buying objects than in asking where they came

from"), von Bothmer responded by saying that, at "great financial sacrifice", he helped keep intact a collection that otherwise would have been sold off piecemeal by buying it for the Met in 1967. Which collection could he possibly have meant? The Lydian Hoard could well qualify.

In addition to the legal ques-

should keep the treasure, and why, raises many other important issues. Museums are loath to hand back material for which they paid good money, and plaintiff countries are not offering compensation. Furthermore, it is often true that a monied museum can better maintain, house and repair ancient arti-

tions, the controversy over who facts than can the countries



Items recovered in Turkey almost match the silver phiale with gold plating, top, and silver incense burner, above, from the sixth century BC, at the Met.

in which they were discovered.

The Turks are understandably tired of having their cultural patrimony emptied into the vaults of Western museums and collectors. They object to coping with all the security problems that the attendant smuggling entails. According to Turkish authorities, more people have died as a result of skirmishes over illegal antiquities than at the height of the heroin trade in the 1960s. Illegal excavations have by no means ceased. Last summer a new group of would-be tomb robbers was arrested while dragging the soil in the Lydian zone.

Then there are the archaeological consequences of the smuggling trade. As with Osman's tomb, most illegally excavated sites are demolished. Any historical information about the civilization inhabiting the site is lost. The case of the East Greek Treasure is a particularly egregious one. Lydia's is not a culture about which we have much information. Because it lay between Greek and Persian cultures, its artifacts often betray their influence. Had the tomb been properly excavated and inspected, archaeologists might have learned more about what is specifically Lydian.

At the Metropolitan the treasure is displayed in an exhibition that is entirely perplexing as to the origins and nature of the objects. There is no way of knowing who owned them or what cultural habits they served and of which civilization. As a result, neither the public nor archaeology is particularly well served. Dietrich von Bothmer has selected a handful of choice Greek-looking objects from the find and included them alongside East Greek items bought at other times from other places, thus confusing their context.

Von Bothmer's explanation was that in the classical world styles do not fall so neatly into contexts: "You will find Greek material quite far east and Persian quite far west." But what about keeping the Lydian Hoard together in order to clarify how much exactly penetration has occurred? His answer: "Which collection is that? There were many." 🔘

Adapted from Connoisseur magazine.



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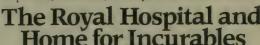
Two years ago you wouldn't have believed that Tony Bagley could ever look after himself.

To see Tony now, walking unaided, chatting away, enjoying painting, would seem miraculous to anyone who knew him when he

first came to the RHHI in 1984. Then he couldn't walk, had speech difficulties, was unable to wash or dress himself. He and his nurses and therapists have worked so hard he now needs minimal nursing care.

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TRAVEL

Night flight to Hong Kong

Simon Winchester guides the traveller into magnetic east.

telephone rings, "Hello, old man." says the voice, "hope I didn't wake you. Should be about 11 with you, right?" Wrong, I want to say. But it's a friend, and I can tell him later about time zones. "Thought I might pop out to the old colony for a few days. Got to go to Tokyo for the firm. Thought I'd look you up. Got any ideas?"

What follows, then, is more or less what I want to say when calls jolt me from Morpheus's embrace: a muffled form of sure, I'd be delighted to see you.

Visitors to Hong Kong are short-staying birds of passagethree days, on average-and no trouble at all. But precious few. I have to admit, come away think- jet-lag is over, you will be able to

find it overwhelmingly crowded with strange and unfriendly people, all bent on some frightening mischief; they find the weather terrible; and they find the colony-despite all that Home Counties pub-talk about "that decent little bargain I picked up in Hong Kong"unbelievably expensive. Would their impression were otherwise: these suggestions might help.

First, you must arrive in Hong Kong over a weekend. The central cities are reasonably quiet, and you will be able to get in from Kai Tak airport without an hour-long dawdle in rushhour traffic. Moreover, once the

the six million people of the colony are stuck firmly behind their desks. So, if that is possible, take the Cathay Pacific non-stop which leaves Gatwick at 6 pm on Saturday, ask for a window seat on the right-hand side, and cross your fingers for a landing on Runway 13 (which most of the longhaul morning arrivals get). That way, when the jumbo begins to rumble down over the South China Sea, and as it makes its way towards the huge red-and-white checker-board to turn right for the final approach, you will see from the porthole one of the most spectacularly engi-

neered skylines in creation. A thousand glass and marble

you during the inevitably dispir-

IT IS usually about 2am when the ing much of the place. Visitors explore during the week, when palaces soar vertically from the waterfront and from the lower slopes of the immense green mountain that is Hong Kong island. Most are blindingly white in the high morning sun; others glisten blue and gold and battleship grev; above them, mansions that could exist only in a British colony or in Bayaria perch on the hilltops. Beneath all this architectural confection lies the most crowded, deep-ocean blue waterway imaginable, with scores of immense ocean-going ships, ferries, lighters, yachts, liners, warships and junks-real, triple-lugsailed Chinese junks. It is a breathtaking sight, the memory of which should sustain

beside the vase of roses, and all to a night-time ride, second-class, time for panic shopping. But try lull you into the calm oblivion that is the necessary coda to 16 hours in transit from Sussex by one sea, to Excess by another.

You will wake refreshed in the late afternoon, and perhaps take thin lettuce sandwiches and a glass of Pimm's on your terrace. before venturing out into the maelstrom. My firm recommendation is that your first expedition is to the Peak Tram. It is only 10 minutes' uphill walk from your hotel; you clamber up into the rickety-looking ("but never an accident") old lady, sit with your back to the sea and promise vourself vou won't look round as you ascend. And then you rise, wire-hauled, through the great apartment blocks of Central. through feral jungles in which tigers might well still stalk, until, in fresher summit air, you lurch to a sudden stop. Now you may turn to the north-and gasp at the whole vast majesty of co-Ionial possession, and of China, stretching below and beyond, and into the shimmering blue distance. In a place of magic views, this is very nearly the most magical of all.

Tram, walk to the first available entrance of the MTR, the local tube, and take it across the harbour to the station called Tsim Sha Tsui (a mouthful of Cantonese you would do well to learn, since that's where all Hong Kong's best shops are to be found). You will find the tube itself a joy, as tubes go, and an experience you must attempt; and the escalators will bring you out close to the Regent Hotel which will offer you-the sun by now beginning to inch down over the western seas-the view that is most truly magical.

Hong Kong island's central

the tip of Kowloon

"As the lights begin to

come on, a cascade of

shimmering crystal appears

to rise from the sea."

iting encounter, moments later,

with Hong Kong's dour battalions

Funds will determine the next

choice. You could take a taxi to

one of the many YMCAs: they

are well-positioned, clean and

friendly places. Otherwise, tele-

phone Giovanni, the concierge at

the Mandarin Hotel, and demand

he sends the limousine, where-

upon you can be whisked in cool

comfort through the Harbour

Tunnel, past the flyblown shops

of Wanchai into Central Hong

Kong, and up to the small, unpre-

possessing block of cement

which is nevertheless the finest

hotel in the world. The bath will

be drawn, the bed turned back.

of immigration officials.

trict, Victoria harbour and

sula, viewed from the Peak.

But not quite. Descend by Peak

Position yourself, with a glass of San Miguel beer, in a window seat in the Regent's cocktail bar. The windows are four storeys high, and wide with it: the view is of Hong Kong island, as it was from the plane-since you are back on Kowloon side again where the airport is situatedonly now, as the sun fades away, the lights begin to come on, and a cascade of shimmering crystal appears to rise from the seas, unforgettable in its drama and beauty. You will want to stay, gazing open-mouthed at it, until long after dark, and then take supper-Cantonese, Shanghainese, Pekingese, Szechuan, Chiu Chow, or Mongolian, Thai, or Burmese (Tsim Sha Tsui having more restaurants or more nationalities per square inch than is decent to relate)-before the jasmine tea will be waiting returning home to bed by way of

cool of the rushing sea air lull you towards your sleep.

face of the earth-ignore all other offers, in or out of the hotel. Read the court pages of the South China Morning Post, trying to spot cases that illustrate the kind of criminal vengeance Chinese wives wreak on their straying husband-something excellent breakfast reading. Then, suitably chastened, take first class (a shilling each way). the better to take pictures.

Cartier, or for fakes of each and all others, for dresses and handmade shocs, for suits and safari jackets (Punjab House Tailors, (at Silvercord Centre) or fake dittos (at the notorious Golden few stops down-line, at Sham Shui Po). Lunch on indubitably British food at Jimmy's Kitchenpuddings and fewer of those drippish Jardine Johnnies coming

in for their prep school reunions. Next morning, take a ferry ride to an island. I fayour a longish trip (an hour) to Lantau Island (twice as big as Hong Kong, but virtually unpeopled), and a bus journey to the Po Lin Buddhist monastery, where there are monks, tea gardens, nearly-free vegetarian food, and the site where they are building the biggest Buddha in the world. Steel yourself to return by boat; do not pay good money to go in the expensive and noisy commercial helicopter.

biggest night club, which is the utterly vulgar Club Volvo (back on Kowloon side-always go by MTR and never by taxi). You will be amazed: a thousand hostesses, all kitted out like peacocks and equipped with walkie-talkie radios for emergency summoning in case of a client's sudden need. Computers flash up their time charges; and you can always pay the girl's excat bill-about £90-if you would like her to perform her hostessing functions elsewhere. But dread diseases are gaining a foothold on even this most distant shore, so caveat emptor. On your way home, call in at the poor man's night club, an open street market to the west of the Star Ferry terminal back on Hong Kong side, 10 minutes from the hotel door.

on a Star Ferry-boat, letting the other things, too. Try to persuade some nice person to buy you a drink at the Foreign Correspon-Breakfast in the Mandarin's dents' Club, or, for yet another Grill restaurant is the best on the view, in the bar of the American Club, which is on the top floor of Exchange Square. Cash a traveller's cheque on the second floor of the remarkable new building of the Hongkong & Shanghai Bank-a good excuse for getting inside without looking like just another rubbernecker-and that is surgically painful, and then spend the money foolishly on dresses or suits.

Settle your bill, say your fare the ferry boat across to Kowloon wells, and wait for an airport bus once more, and this time travel (five bob, one every 20 minutes) up in the Harlequin Bar, looking down with some sadness on the Shop all day-for Gucci or scurrying boats and cars, on your last evening in this strange little bastion of capital, and of Britain. Keep the outrageous sum of HK\$120 out for your departure the only place), real computers tax, and make sure you are in immigration a good hour before the plane departs, the officials Supermarket at an MTR station a being what they are (in Hong Kong, very official indeed).

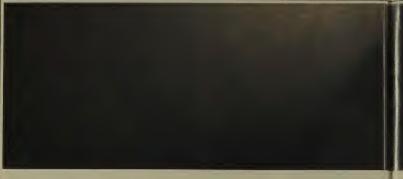
Board plane, wipe face with cool towel, fasten safety belt, rethe one on Kowloon side being view holiday. You didn't go the better, with stickier ginger racing in Happy Valley, nor did you go to a Hakka Café on Po Toi; you didn't go to Stanley, you haven't the first idea about the New Territories; you never ate a morsel of dim sum. Nothing for it. Have to go back. Ring up that awfully nice fellow who gave us all that terribly helpful advice. What time must it be over there? Not too late, surely-about 11, I'd

Our Travel Editor writes:

British Airways, Cathay Pacific and British Caledonian all fly London to Hong Kong, BA from Heathrow, the other two from Gatwick. Cathav has three non-stop You should see the world's services a week, BA one. All others have one stop en route. Current return fares: \$542-\$1.048 excursion/economy; £1,528-£1,692 executive, superclub: £2.872 first class.

> Hong Kong's weather is sub-tropical. Best period is late September to mid-December, temperature averages 23°C, humidity 73 per cent. Winter, average 15°C, humidity around 75 per cent. Spring (March-early May), average 21°C, humidity up to 80 per cent. Summer (mid May to mid September), hot and humid, up to 33°C, humidity touching 90 per cent. All hotels, most restaurants and many shops are air-conditioned.

No visas required for UK passport holders for stays up to six months. Visas also waived for many other countries including the USA for up to one month. Addresses: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 125 Pall Mall, London SWIY 5EA tel 01-930 4775. Hong Kong Tourist Association, Connaught Centre 35/F, PO The last day is invariably the Box 2597, Hong Kong tel 5-244191.





"I gave them carte blanche.
They gave me Keith."

"I certainly wouldn't describe myself rich. On the other hand, I'm not vactly short of a bob or two.

I'm in navigational electronics, you ee, on the selling side. And business has, touch wood, been good.

I suppose it was the ballyhoo of the hrst privatisations that awakened my interest in shares.

My first few forays into the Stock Market proved most rewarding and from then on I was hooked.

I'd study the financial pages. I'd listen to The Financial World Tonight. At one point I was even going to replace the Ielegraph with the FT, but the rest of he family put their foot firmly down on that one.

Bit by bit my portfolio – if that's the word to describe my rag-bag of shares – erew to around £75,000.

Then, don't ask me why, it all became

I seemed to be forever making trips to the building society to transfer money. Filling in forms, Writing letters, Making whone calls.

Then there was the annual chore of deciphering old contract notes and regurgitating their contents for the inland Revenue.

In fact it was this that led me to Keith.
One night in the Plough, with the usual motley crew, I mentioned this tiresome task I had to perform for the tax man.

My remark caught the ear of Reg. He's the Plough's resident know-all who permanently occupies a stool at the end of the bar. Anyway, Reg started banging on about this Asset Management thing Lloyds Bank had started.

Just the sort of thing a chap like me needed, he said, and you don't even need to be a Lloyds Bank customer.

As it happened, I was. So when I was next in the bank, I got all the bumph.

It made interesting reading. So interesting, in fact, that I decided to give it a try.

It seemed Lloyds Bank would relieve me of all the boring admin that goes with running a sizeable portfolio. Also, they'd take over the complete management of my assets, buying and selling as and when they saw fit.

So, basically, I gave them carte blanche. And in return, they gave me Keith: myvery own 'Personal Account Executive'.

When we first met I must admit I thought he looked, well, a bit wet behind the ears

But I soon realised that there was quite a business brain on those youthful

Initially we had a lengthy meeting to thrash out a strategy – something I'd never given any thought to before.

After much deliberation Keith reckoned I should go for a low-yield capital growth strategy including some taxefficient gilts, otherwise the taxman would think it was his birthday.

So off Keith went to restructure my portfolio.

He also opened an investment account for me. That way the money involved in buying and selling is never

dead money, but always earning interest. Another thing he did was build in a cash-sweep facility on my current account so that anything over £1,000 is automatically swept into my invest-

At first it felt strange having someone else manage my money, but I soon got used to it.

I'd just ring Keith, quote my password and he'd call up my file on his desk-top computer.

Then he'd rattle off the deals he'd done, give me account balances and tell

To keep things shipshape, Keith also

ends me regular statements. Everything, and I do mean everything,

Everything, and I do mean everything, in them.

Better still, the year-end statement I get is in a form acceptable to the tax man.
As I've got to know Keith, I've also

found him a dab hand at other things. Insurance, pensions, a tricky problem my mother had with CGT – things like that.

But now the \$64,000 question. How's he done with my investments?

Well, I'm more than happy. Keith's certainly done a lot better than I could have, and getting rid of all that infernal paperwork is, believe you me, a boon.

But that's enough about Keith. I'm beginning to sound like an advert for Lloyds Bank."



The modern art of investment

Investors in saleroom art have long relied on intuition to evaluate the market. Robin Duthy reveals a more scientific approach

THE SALEROOM has repeatedly proved a successful arena for investment. In the past year paintings by van Gogh have sold Rembrandt has fetched £7 million and a Manet £8 million.

Success, however, is not assured and the rate of increase for different artists within any one sector of the market varies. Prices for prints by Georges Braque and Max Ernst, for instance, have climbed more slowly than those of many of their contemporaries. There are also dealing costs and inflation to consider.

Those most strongly opposed to subjecting art market prices to proper scrutiny are usually dealers and auctioneers. Yet even those buyers who once took a rather prim view of investing in art have come to see that it pays to calculate what is a fair market price, and how that market price has fluctuated

My own calculations are based on an analysis over a number of years. To arrive at an index of a school of painting. I have considered the actual auction sales figures of the paintings of the member artists, excluding the highest and lowest 10 per cent to avoid distortion: the remainder I have averaged as the artist's midmarket price. Each artist is then weighted equally in 1975 and movements in value have been calculated from then. Wine price rises are calculated similarly.

porcelain, I have used the

"basket" method, choosing a group of objects sold at auction in 1975 as the basis of the index. Estimates of the auction values of for £25 million and £13 million, a these same objects have been made by experts in each field and are expressed in index form.

One other investment commodity, gold, based on an annual average US dollar price per ounce, has proved a disastrous investment since 1980.

OLD SOASTER PAINTINGS

For centuries Old Master paintings were the backbone of the art market but since the 1950s they have been displaced by Impressionism. Expressionism. Cubism' and the Abstract Expressionists of the New York School. A Mantegna or a Rembrandt still cause a flurry of excitement-examples by both have recently fetched more than £5 million-but the partial eclipse of the Old Master sector has occurred largely because for decades the best paintings have been trickling into museums and a real shortage has been created.

Britain is still rich in Old Masters. Those who made the Grand Tour in the 18th century bought freely in Europe, yet there are fewer dealers now who specialize in Old Masters alone. Prices for a "basket" of French, Italian Dutch and English Old Masters are up by just 350 per cent since 1975. The variation in performance is based on subject-matter and quality rather than national-In the case of furniture and ity. Top-class material has risen in value three times faster than

mainstream works. But within that group religious works have done least well. Decorative landscapes are in great demand; portraits depend on the looks and vitality of the sitter Animals in art, and horse-

racing scenes in particular, are increasingly popular on both sides of the Atlantic. There is so much marine painting on the market that buyers can afford to even a factory nestle harmobe choosy and prices for the mediocre are static. Within the still-life field, flowers have made a dramatic comeback, the painting of them having once been regarded as little more than a ever craft. Even the naughty but nice fantasies of girls lolling on clouds by Boucher and Fragonard. though rarely seen on the market, are up by 350 per cent since 1975. Italian view-painters such as Canaletto and Bellotto are also rising strongly. Collectors are also turning to lesser Dutch 18th-century paintings and even the sweet and steamy Academic painting of the 19th century.

THE FRENCH IMPRESSIONISTS

The French Impressionists look set to remain the darlings of the art world. New records get set almost every year and van Gogh, linked at least stylistically with the group, now has to his credit the two most expensive paintings ever sold at auction. The £25 million paid for his Sunflowers by a Japanese insurance company earlier this year highlights the international character of the market

The Impressionist Indexmade up of Degas, Sisley, Renoir, Pissarro and Monet-has soared 430 per cent since 1975, almost double the rate of inflation, and provides a growth in real terms of per cent. Add to that the pleasure of owning such paintings and the arguments for buying look strong. Monet leads with a rise of 800 per cent and his mid-market price of £320,000 is the highest of any artist sold regularly at auction.

The next generation of artists rejected the Impressionists' rose-tinted view of the world and began to tackle reality as their subject in a variety of disturbing styles. But the public today prefers the way Pissarro made niously into the countryside giving off puffs of white smoke.

However you choose to explain it, the escapist appeal of these artists is stronger than

As time passes, though, collectors are getting choosier. There are still some who want a Renoir so badly that they will pay £25,000 for a clumsy sketch. Not everyone recognizes that this super-prolific artist was capable of poor work. It was Renoir himself who said that if he sold only good paintings he would starve.

Thanks to the tax benefits available to American citizens from donating works of art to museums, Impressionists are increasingly going into public ownership and may never be on the market again. But this is a sector in which shrewd buyers are biding their time and ignoring dealers' warnings of great shortage. For each rash of new records helps to bring another collection of great paintings on to the market and the chance to buy outstanding works still seems to present itself with some regularity.

Roy Lichtenstein's oil painting Blang was sold last year for £546,206; his prints have also soared in value.

MODERN PRINTS

The vast range of modern prints includes some strikingly good and bad investment performances. A group of Modern Masters including Picasso, Matisse. Kandinsky and other household names is up 450 per cent since 1975 and shows every sign of keeping up a growth-rate in excess of 10 per cent.

The average price of prints even by these illustrious artists is under £2,000-affordability being a factor in stimulating growth. The British have never understood prints quite as well as other Europeans, Gradually, though, the differences between original

prints and reproductions are becoming appreciated and demand is growing. The artists in the index are all established and prolific print-makers; an index of little-known print-artists would show a much slower rise. And many new editions of prints by young artists may be hard to sell at all in 20 years' time. Demand is strongest today for

decorative, undemanding images that have "wall-power" and are in the £100 to £300 price range. Difficult art such as Max Ernst's Surrealist images and Georges Brame's Cubist works have lagged behind the rest of the market, while Salvador Dali's prints

should be avoided because he had no hand in producing many of them By contrast the easygoing Pop Art images of Roy Lichtenstein have been rocketing in value and so too, predictably, have the light summery scenes of David Hockney. The more serious print-makers can also be a sound investment, such as Jasper Johns and Jim Dine whose work is up over 1,000 per cent.

Although the market for wellknown print-makers should remain strong, many collectors willing to dabble with a few hundred pounds will always want a famous name if they plan to ware and porcelain of a populous spend £1,000.

GEORGIAN FURNITURE

Georgian furniture prices were transformed by American buying in 1985 when the pound was on its knees at around \$1.10. Surprisingly, prices not only held up but kept growing even after the pound's recovery. Overall growth of 540 per cent since 1975almost 17 per cent a year-may not be sustainable indefinitely though saleroom experts see no reason why prices should fall.

Chunky furniture of the Regency and 1820-40 period now seems to be taking up the running, though nobody suggests that the perennial favourites-Sheraton, Hepplewhite and Adam-will run out of steam. American buyers now show more interest in the restrained style of English furniture rather than for gleaming, over-restored French pieces.

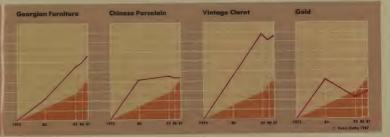
Not all Georgian furniture has been rising at the same rate. Secretaire-bookcases, bureaucabinets and other large pieces have risen at half the rate for chairs and mirrors, with cardtables, dining-tables and others somewhere in between. Mahogany, satinwood and walnut are still the preferred woods; oak was used mainly for country furniture during Georgian times and remains relatively inexpensive. The established growth record of Georgian furniture becomes an argument in itself for buying while the poor resale value of modern furniture underlines the fact that comparable craftsmanship just does not exist today.

The only damper on the market is the knowledge that restorers are getting cleverer and their handiwork harder to spot.

CHINESE CERAMICS

Chinese ceramics is a vast field that encompasses the earthennation over several thousand







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years. It takes in not only the pieces made for the home market but also 300 years of production for foreign markets.

The top of the market is riding high at present. In Hong Kong rich Chinese and Japanese businessmen vie with each other at Sotheby's regular auctions for the Imperial wares of the Ming and Ching dynasties. Public bidding duels take place for little bowls the unenlightened might use to feed their cat. The mainstream of the market is ticking over or dipping slightly as collectors get anxious about the volume of material that could yet flood out of China. Much is already appearing in Hong Kong and some illicit traders are said to have made fortunes.

The increased supply has seriously affected prices. Worst hit have been the grave goods of the Han, Tang and Song dynasties—a period covering 1,500 years. The ever-popular animal figures have held up best. The veneration for ancestors and the deep reluctance to ransack graves has been much diminished in the recent ideological turmoil and it is said that all the grave-robbers need, apart from a torch and a spade, are Christie's and Sotheby's catalogues to enable them to select the items worth looting.

The T.Y. Chao sales in Hong Kong this year confirm that demand for the best is very strong—in particular famille rose and famille verte wares of the Ching dynasty. The outlook for run-of-the-mill pieces is not so bright.

COLD

There are now more investors in gold than ever before, according to Consolidated Gold Fields' annual survey. But there are many provisos to make before gold can be recommended to the ordinary investor. Its price is reputedly linked to inflation rates, the oil price, production costs, interest rates, political instability and many other factors. The trouble is that the price responds as expected to one set of factors for a time and then moves completely out of character.

While gold in a portfolio has historically helped to iron out or to counteract swings in stock markets, it remains a risky investment, more likely to gratify an investor's psychological needs than to make him much richer. The sceptics have always maintained that gold is the currency of fairyland—it plays no part that cannot be adequately performed by other metals. Its mystique is based on the mistaken belief that

it has always maintained its value, even though over long periods of inflation its price was fixed and its value plainly declining.

The recent strength in the gold price is connected with the gold coin minting programmes in Australia, the United States, Japan and other countries. Nobody can tell how the price will react to the end of the massive Japanese buying programme. The price has yet to approach the \$850 an ounce it reached in 1980.

The uncomfortable fact is that since then gold has been a poor investment and even the conventional factors of supply and demand have little importance in determining the price.

VINTAGE CLARET

Vintage claret has been a strong market for 30 years. In the 60s prices rose by 14 per cent annually and accelerated to 22 per cent in the early 70s. Since 1975 the rise has been 740 per cent and the growth-rate could stay in the 10 per cent to 15 per cent range for the foreseeable future.

The performance of claret is matched by few other investments and the reasons are simple. The Médoc area which produces claret cannot be enlarged. Wines improve with age and grow in value as they begin to taste better. There is also a marked swing away from spirits towards wine, and demand for fine wines is continually rising. Furthermore, wine growers press for higher prices every year, and whenever they succeed, the value of wine made in earlier years rises in sympathy. Buyers have been combining this year to force growers and brokers to reduce prices for the rather mediocre 1986 wines and, as the opening offers show, they have to some extent succeeded.

Poor vintages have generally proved poor investments at whatever price they can be bought, so buyers should stick to great years such as 1961, 1966, 1970, 1975 and 1982. The 78s, 81s and 85s are also attracting investment interest.

The first chance investors have to buy fine claret is *en primeur* from a wine merchant six months or so after the grapes have been harvested. The investor is in effect buying wine futures. The physical market for wine is the safer way to buy, for even the experts find it hard to predict quite how a young wine will develop and mediocre wines are often "talked up" to persuade inexpert buyers to invest. London salerooms provide the most efficient two-way market \bigcirc

Letter from Scrooge

Introducing the £100,000 portfolio for Tiny Tims everywhere.

DEAR TINY TIM,

I was not surprised to get your letter from your new home in California. I knew it wouldn't be long before you called on Uncle Scrooge again to help out you and your family.

As I told you when you left, micro chips and personal computers may be here to stay but there's no such thing as a free lunch (except at Christmas!) and your continual childish optimism will lead you nowhere but to penury.

So you have been most sensible to ask me to manage your portfolio, which I must admit is surprisingly large. I shall not ask you how you came by it but, knowing you, no doubt honestly. As an aside, though I know you won't listen, you should get out of your computer company while the going is good—the huge amount you seem to have made is just evidence of how risky it is.

Well, to your portfolio and first things first. I shall charge you 1 per cent per annum of its total value for my trouble—none of these newfangled performance fees which are just another way of "skimming the punter", nor shall I take any dealing commission, not like so many of these new investment management cowboys. So you see I'm almost doing it for nothing.

Let's take a hard-headed look at your portfolio—and that's what it needs. In the past, you seem to have been taken in by every fad going. As it happens, some of it has gone up rather a lot—financials and domestics in Japan, London property companies at large premiums—but you've got so many small holdings in untested companies which have done nothing that the whole jumble makes me physically sick. You must realize there's all the difference in the world between a well balanced portfolio and a jumble of stocks—and you've got the second.

The only answer is to begin again. I'm selling all your existing holdings and starting afresh. Your new portfolio is listed below. I'm not going to bother you with the whys and wherefores of all your holdings at this stage, but I'll explain the themes behind the policy as we go along. One word about your core holding, The Foreign & Colonial Investment Trust plc. This is an investment trust, and as such is one of the best bargains on world capital markets. The underlying stocks are worth about 20 per cent more than you're paying, and they are well managed across all the major world markets. There are other good investment trust stocks but I know the management of this one best.*

With all your stocks I've gone for sound value. I hate paying for goodwill (as you well know) and that means I avoid buying "hope" and "hype", the twin curses of the long-term investor. Give me good earnings and good assets and the rest takes care of itself. This is more important than ever with world stock markets teetering at all-time highs, liquidity exploding and, as yet, little inflation. That's why I've gone for

an exposure to mining stocks which should also prove a reasonable inflation hedge. Newmont is a well diversified US company. I sold all your old Japanese holdings and bought an investment trust company called TR Pacific Basic Investment Trust plc. As with the Foreign & Colonial, you will be buying assets at a discount (about 25 per cent). TR Pacific has a spread of investments across the whole Far East, not just Japan; and Hong Kong, Singapore and Australia are probably more attractive after the boom in Japanese values.

On the Continent again I've gone for sound value. Bayer is a well run chemical company in a fundamentally cheap German market, while BNP is the top French bank and should gain from the promised privatization. You may have heard a lot about gains in Spain, even Portugal, but they're "lobster pot" marketseasy to get into, devilish to get out. In the UK and the USA I've also bought solid and substantial companies of sound value. As I say, you won't find your Uncle Scrooge throwing money away on goodwill!

Until next time I write.

Your ever warm-hearted, cool-headed Uncle Scrooge

*Scrooge shares a typewriter with Kevin Pakenham of Foreign & Colonial Management, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, London EC4 (licensed dealer in securities). Readers should be warned that Scrooge's portfolio can go down as well as up in value

AMOUNT/DESCRIPTION	BOOK COST	PRICE	MARKET VALUE	ANNUAL	INTEREST/ DIVIDEND YIELD
ORDINARY SHARES	£		£	£	
1490 BAT Industries £0.25	9,880	£6.70	9,880	. 290	2.90
2540 Fisons £0.25	9,880	£3.93	9,880	110	1.10
7090 Foreign & Colonial £0.25	10,000	£1.41	10,000	160	1.60
4310 General Electric £0.05	10,000	£2.32	10,000	310	3.10
3960 TR Pacific Basin £0.25	9,980	£2.52	9,980	50	0.50
270 Abbott Laboratories	9,970	US\$60.25	9,970	170	1.71
180 Banque National Paris Cir.	9,960	FF550.00	9,960	0	0.00
80 Bayer	9,170	DM342.00	9,170	270	2.95
270 Dun & Bradstreet	10,110	US\$61.13	10,110	250	2.47
290 Newmont Mining	10,170	US\$57.25	10,170	110	1.08
Cash in hand	880		880		
TOTAL (£)	100,000		100,000	1,720	1.73



A scene from the first England v. Scotland football match, 1872.

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PROPERTY

Real estate people

John Vaughan on how a new breed of estate agents goes about its business in style.

IN THE popular new play *Serious Money*, Jake Todd, a bond dealer, is asked why he is so good at his job. Todd's reply is: "I never went to university, so I never learnt to think twice." The fictional Todd is an avaricious élitist broker but as far as the public's perception goes today he could well be an estate agent.

It has become fashionable to dislike estate agents, while at the same time it is becoming quite fashionable to be one. Many people view estate agency as being an easy way to make money for people who could do little else for a living. Instances of estate agents doing no more than putting a photograph and details of a property in their window, then telling buyers to go and look

at it, have resulted in vendors effectively selling the property themselves.

Although most agents will confirm that London property has been an easy sale over the last three years, the vast majority work extremely hard to earn modest fee incomes in comparison to the United States where fees average in excess of 5 per cent of sale price. They will also confirm that due to unprecedented rises in demand and in prices for residential property over the last three years, there are probably too many agents.

Given a reasonably static supply of property coming onto the market, competition to win instructions is fiercer than ever before. Recent increases in supply through flat conversions of houses and new building, such as in Docklands, have seen established estate agencies rushing to open up new offices and have done little to reduce the pressures of competition.

In addition, the general economic growth, the easy availability of mortgage finance and the new money generated by the City have created a much larger and more valuable property market. According to a recent survey by the Royal Institute of Chartered ·Surveyors, people now move home every seven years, although in central London and the south-east this could be more frequent, particularly for those in higher income groups.

The expansion of agency busi-

nesses has also seen the emergence of a new breed of estate agents quite distinct in manners, style and business attitude from those of the 1960s and 70s. It has also left gaps in the market which have quickly been filled by new businesses that are often small partnerships or sole traders. What is particularly interesting is how estate-agency businesses in London have diversified into fairly definable areas serving distinct markets, closely aligned to class and income groups.

Savills, a firm founded in 1855, seems synonymous with the upper end of the market, although Victoria Mitchell, the director for residential sales (the firm became incorporated in May), denies this. "We have gone



out of our way to play down the green wellie image and are prepared to act for anyone."

Her manner certainly shows that she understands the necessity to work hard to attract property developers as clients. "It's one of the most competitive areas of the business and one in which this department at Savills specializes. We welcome competition and try to provide the service we ourselves would like to receive," says Victoria Mitchell.

The developer's market is estimated to be at least 50 per cent of Savills' London residential sales business with properties starting at £130,000 for a one-bedroomed or two-bedroomed flat conversion. Victoria Mitchell has become established as an authority on the design and presentation of properties for sale. She recently conducted a detailed survey of buyers' requirements, likes and dislikes to provide guidelines for developers and owner occupiers.

What is apparent, as buyers walk into Savills' Sloane Street



Above left, Savills' London director of residential sales, Victoria Mitchell, relaxes in the hall of her Sloane Street office. She is married to David Mitchell, a partner with Newbury estate agents Dreweatt-Neate, and they live hectic lives between houses in London and Berkshire. Top, Rebecca Read says that being an estate agent has given her an aversion to moving house—she hopes to remain at her home in Bourne Street, Belgravia, for ever. Described as "dynamic" by some competitors on her Chelsea patch, her firm Read Cunningham, which she started last January, has already had 100 properties under offer. Above, Martin Carleton-Smith (left) with Sarah Shelley (right) and the Carleton-Smith & Co team of negotiators in the £435,000 show flat of a warehouse development in Narrow Street, E14. The firm was one of the first agencies to be established in the Docklands.

office, complete with its chintz curtains and pine fireplace, is that they are buying a style. Labelled by style consultant Peter York as the "country house" look, it has been almost universally adopted by developers of residential property, particularly in the prime residential areas of Chelsea, Belgravia and Knightsbridge. It is no coincidence that some of the best property developers are from social backgrounds similar to the leading residential agents who compete for their business.

As one agent, a former Guards' officer, puts it: "The best developers come to people like us because we speak their language, know exactly what the market wants and can value accordingly and correctly. There is a certain amount of snobbery but there is also professionalism."

But can this inherent cliquishness survive in a business which is already beginning to attract large corporate involvement? Nominally, the manner of Brian D'Arcy Clark would suggest he is an archetypal estate agent of the "old-boy" school. In reality he is a

forthright and conscientious chartered surveyor who, like Victoria Mitchell, has developed a close working relationship with some leading property developers. His former partner in Chesterfield & Co, Owen Inskip, ended up doing so much work for the Norwegian development company, Bugge Eindoms, that he has now left to work for them full-time in Docklands.

D'Arcy Clark cites his work for Nairn Construction at their Ennismore Gardens development as a good example of the estate agent/developer relationship: "We acquired the property for them and have consulted with them at all stages of the project, advising and keeping them abreast of market requirements."

At Ennismore Gardens, Nairn Construction have completely rebuilt the internal structure of a large detatched period house and have divided the property into genuine mansion-block flats, providing sound-insulation between the floors with sand. Chesterfield & Co will be selling the flats from £250,000 to £750,000 early next year.

Chesterfield & Co are well aware of the benefits of marketing themselves as a firm and are still benefiting from clients gained on their promotional tour of the eastern United States in 1985. D'Arcy Clark knows that in the residential sales area, large multi-office firms such as Chestertons Prudential, which are heavily geared towards projecting themselves to a broad market, are likely to have a big impact.

"We certainly don't see ourselves as competition to Foxtons or Faron Sutaria," says D'Arcy Clark, who is sceptical about those firms' ability to weather a downturn in the market. "No market can carry on increasing ad infinitum. There is bound to be a drop some time although I'm confident about the next two to three years because of the promising political and economic climate," he says.

Like most well-managed small estate agencies Chesterfield & Co have experienced a steady growth in business over the last three years and expect to turn over between £40 million and £50 million of property this year. About 35 per cent of their fee income is derived from sales and professional work for property developers.

For those estate agents with the right contacts, experience and personal dynamism the rewards can be considerable. Rebecca Read who, with Edward Cunningham, started Read



Jon Hunt, chairman of Foxtons, and the man many of his rival estate agents love to hate. Hunt has pioneered an aggressive, business-like approach to estate agency, building up a chain of four Foxtons property shops in west London. Foxtons' head office in the Brompton Road is one of the most modern in London and reflects Jon Hunt's style. He lives with his wife and three children in a large family house in Kensington which has taken over a year to restore.

"At dinner parties I've been attacked simply for being an estate agent. There is so much misinformation around," says Rebecca Read. "We always remember that we are acting for the vendor and sell as individuals. We take a lot of trouble and time getting to know applicants and it's all a question of getting the balance right," she says.

Read Cunningham obviously do not have the resources of Savills or other major firms, although Rebecca Read admits that they are included in a peer group of some 25 estate agents who get the lion's share of business in the best residential areas and who are generally prepared to share commissions. These are standardized at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent for sole or joint sole agency or 3 per cent in the case of a multiple instruction.

She cannot see the sense in some agents' unwillingness to share commissions and insistence that all introductory agents have a 1 per cent retaining fee. "This usually ends up more expensive for both the buyer and seller alike," she says.

When talking about shared commissions to agents such as

Rebecca Read, one name in particular always arises. Foxtons seem to be the estate agents all other estate agents love to hate. Certainly Foxtons do not share commissions.

"We sell property only on a sole agency basis and care more about what the public think of us than our competitors," says Jon Hunt, 35, chairman of Foxtons and the man greatly accepted as being responsible for changing the pace of London estate agency over the last six years.

After establishing themselves in Notting Hill Gate in 1981, Foxtons now have four offices throughout west London and with more than 1,100 properties on their books, probably the largest register of property for sale in London.

"We realized back in 1981 that we had to be open from 9am to 9pm. It was no good just working conventional hours. The City was beginning to pick up and young people were coming off the tube and buying flats in the evening," says Jon Hunt.

Foxtons' style and approach to business is the antithesis of that of Savills, John D. Wood, Aylesford and other more established firms. Hard selling by negotiators and imaginative marketing—the firm publish a 120,000 circulation magazine—have been important factors in their rapid success. Jon Hunt and his marketing director Joe Read estimate that the firm will have turned over around £800 million of property by the end of the year.

Their most interesting ploy in gaining instructions was by

offering to sell houses charging no commission for a three-month period after opening their Fulham branch. How did the other agents react as Foxtons understandably swept up all the instructions? "They didn't send any flowers or greetings cards or champagne," jokes Jon Hunt.

Similarly, Faron Sutaria admits to using unconventional tactics in building up his agency business which started a year before Foxtons and now has adjoining premises in Notting Hill Gate. Sutaria, a 31-year-old Indian and a former insurance salesman, was determined to succeed against the old-boy estate-agency network. "They were brash and had high opinions of themselves which I didn't think were shared by the general public," he says.

He has remained a contentious figure in estate agency and is confident of his firm's expansion even if the market was to slump. His plans are to open two new offices within the next nine months and expects eventually to go public.

If Faron Sutaria opens an office in Docklands it is unlikely to come as a surprise to Martin Carleton-Smith who is the doyen of Docklands agents. He was the first London estate agent to see the potential of the area and in recent years has seen the influx of firms. "We welcome the competition," he says. Carleton-Smith is confident that Docklands will attract an increasing number of residents and develop its own character.

"Deregulation in the City has been an enormous bonus to residential sales. People can't do the hours that the City now works and they have to live near by," says Carleton-Smith.

He is a good example of an estate agent who has been able to adapt to different market conditions and ideas. Walking into his office overlooking St Katharine's Dock, it would be easy to mistake it for that of a firm of stockbrokers or accountants. In spite of his establishment background and appearance, Carleton-Smith is the epitome of a modern estate agent, as much at home negotiating a derelict site in Wapping as he is selling a £1 million penthouse overlooking the Thames.

Versatility should be the byword of today's estate agent, both in the human and business sense. Unlike Jake Todd in *Serious Money*, the successful agent has learnt not only to think twice but has also found his most suitable role in what is an increasingly sophisticated and complex property market \bigcirc

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Streets with a golden future

Juliet Munro beats the skips and Porsche owners to London's next smart investments.

HOW CAN you recognize an upand-coming area? Availability of taramasalata? The Ford Escort to Porsche ratio? Skips, burglar alarms, Neighbourhood Watch stickers? It is a question of chicken and egg—by the time these signs manifest themselves prices have usually already

The London picture is further distorted by rampant inflation in property prices throughout the capital with an average increase of 23 per cent in the past year, a rise grossly disproportionate to salary increases. What emerges from the confusion are signs that prices are levelling off in the expensive areas, with prices in traditionally downmarket ones creeping up on them, as the thirst for ownership forces buyers out of established upmarket hunting grounds.

The cheaper areas of southwest London are a surefire investment as young urban professionals spread out from Battersea, Clapham, Wandsworth, Fulham and Wimbledon to colonize Tooting, Streatham, Brixton and Earlsfield. In Balham the changes are already under way. A branch of Cullens, the upmarket grocery and delicatessen, has recently opened in the high street and Augustus Barnett on Cavendish Road has Pimm's special offers and wine tastings every Friday. Skips and expensive cars line the roads. In Earlsfield, Garratt Lane now boasts a wine bar and a stripped pine shop.

Streatham is still run down in a homely sort of way—there is not a wine bar in sight and it would be hard to find a decent deli, while Brixton's Coldharbour Lane and Railton Road are still eyesores. But these are the notorious heartlands; flanked by Dulwich and north Clapham, Brixton will have no choice but to come up. Poet's Corner, a section of streets named after poets, running between Dulwich Road and Railton Road, is already popular.

In south-east London pick carefully in Peckham. SE15 boasts a cabinet minister and Nato brigadiers within its borders, as well as the unsalubrious north Peckham council estate where policemen patrol constantly and tenants who have bought their flats under the right-to-buy scheme find them impossible to sell.

The most attractive areas are the Holly Grove conservation area off Rye Lane, around Peckham Rye Common, and round well under way in Fournier Street. Here, a stone's throw from Spitalfields market and Brick Lane, you would think you were caught in some kind of time warp. A quiet row of perfectly restored Georgian houses, complete with shuttered windows



Fournier Street, a quiet row of perfectly restored Georgian houses between bustling Commercial Street and Brick Lane in London's East End.

Asylum Road and Glengall Road. Prices are still relatively affordable, but expect to pay more for anything Georgian and/or within striking distance of any green areas. Camberwell is still a good buy compared to Kennington and the Oval particularly as a British Rail station is due to open there within the next two years.

Courtesy of the Docklands renaissance, the greatest boomtown continues to be the East End—but not in the two dockside developments with huge price tags, which are utterly devoid of street life and ambience. Throughout the East End there are pockets of some of the most beautiful period housing in London, though admittedly they are flanked by some of the ugliest post-war council blocks.

The area round Spitalfields abounds in crumbling Georgian edifices and it is only a matter of time before the sweat shops and clothing factories are redeployed elsewhere and the whole area is restored to its former glory. The process is already

and ornate porches, seems totally incongruous situated between the rotting fruit and streaming traffic of Commercial Street and the smells of curry and the sounds of wailing Indian music on Brick Lane. It is a taste of things to come.

Not just Spitalfields but the whole of the East End is changing. There has been a noticeable exodus of born-and-bred East Enders to places like Essex, and a general West End to East End migration is becoming apparent. There is also a lot of modern housing coming onto the market, originally bought from the council under right-to-buy schemes and now being sold. Four years ago 95 per cent of East End housing was council rented, but that figure has since decreased dramatically. You can't go wrong with Georgian, Victorian or modern property here, though you may have to sit tight for a long time before the area as a whole comes up. There is little at present to recommend it to any but the most adventurous or selfcontained, except good communications by bus and tube to the City and beyond.

Bow has already come up a long way, most specifically the conservation area round Tredegar Square. The properties are all Grade II-listed Georgian and very beautiful, as are those in adjacent streets. A facelift to the square provided lawns at its centre and new concrete pathways, all safely enclosed by smart new railings with locked gates. Concrete lamp posts have been ripped out and replaced with imitation gaslight. Prices here are already rocketing. Facilities are limited to bingo and disco-dancing but a straight run down the main road and you are in the City, and just over the main road is Mile End tube station on three lines.

In west London, Kilburn is acquiring street credibility. Prices are still relatively cheap compared to surrounding areas though higher than many would imagine. "But this is Kilburn" is a frequent expostulation levelled at estate agents. Bancroft have just opened an office in Queens Park in response to increased demand in the area. Salusbury Road, the main thoroughfare, has very little to offer apart from a tea shop, an antique shop and solicitors' offices.

Parts of North Kensington and Shepherds Bush (especially between Goldhawk Road and Uxbridge Road) are still reasonable compared to W6 and W14 and it is only a matter of time before the knock-on effect from adjacent areas is felt. The same can be said of Holloway and Finsbury Park in north London.

North-east London is an area to watch. Stoke Newington, Clapton and Hackney could well be the next areas really to take off. All are sufficiently rundown and/or off the beaten track to have remained cheap. The great advantage is that there is still an abundance of unmodernized property available and prices are low enough to make a house an affordable alternative to a flat in a more established area.

Though one can pinpoint likely candidates, prediction of up-and-coming areas can be somewhat hit and miss. Only time will tell \bigcirc

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A taste of Ancient Greece

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

IT IS tempting to say that a good restaurant, like a good novel or a good poem, is recognizable straight away, as soon as you cross the threshold. If you like to feel you are stepping back into the past, then going into the White Tower will be doubly satisfying. Nothing seems to have changed in the comfortable little lounge, its walls hung with prints of

klephts, evzones and other heroic figures of Greek history. Among them, inevitably, is the poet Byron, pictured in more than one guise, and if he has a slightly petulant, overfed appearance, well, he looks nicer and bodes better than, say, any of your Michael Caines or David Bowies.

For this is a Greek restaurant, probably the longest-serving one in London. To many eaters and drinkers, including myself, this in itself is not at all good news. To this day, Greece shows signs of the occupation by the Turks that lasted for most of four centuries, none more deeply ingrained than in the gastronomic department, and the old sneer, Greek cooking is bad Turkish cooking, keeps a lot of its sting. You need all your love and respect for the people and the country, or incredible luck, to enjoy a meal there. But, to a degree unimaginable in any Italian or French restaurant over here, the White Tower manages to provide a kind of idealized version of the native cuisine.

The preprandial stage is not altogether plain sailing. For whatever reasons, climatic as much as any, drinks always taste better where they are made, but ouzo, the aniseedy Eastern-Mediterranean apéritif that turns milky when water is added, has always struck me as slightly horrible even in the most idyllic island of the Cyclades. So avoid it

here, I advise. In a different way, Greeks are not good at other people's drinks, and even the White Tower does an indifferent Dry Martini. But it pours spirits out of bottles properly, and it serves not a glass of champagne but a quarter-bottle of it, an excellent institution showing you what you are getting and guaranteeing a good full glass.

Book a day or so ahead to get a table downstairs; upstairs is fine but a bit flamboyant for me. On either level the place scores by providing (unbidden) savoury black olives, radishes and spring onions in quantity. The starter to go for is the mezédes or hors d'oeuvres, an expanded version of what you get, or used to get, thrown in with your drinks at the bar in Greece itself. You could make a sufficient and delicious meal of these: dolmádes, those little parcels of oiled rice and onion wrapped in vine-leaves, cold fish quite transformed, a spoonful of the white beans that are a glory of Greece, and taramasalata, the famous fish-roe pâté. The obvious accompaniment is a glass of retsina, the white wine flavoured with a gum-like extract from

Par Jongan

the pine-tree or terebinth and, as the late Philip Larkin described it, tasting of cricketbats. (He was very fond of cricket.)

The highest-scoring main course, for me, was another very Greek thing, a trio of lamb kebab, moussaka, which is mincemeat with aubergine, egg and yoghurt, and a chicken pilaff, i.e. with rice, rather more rice in this case than I wanted, though the portions of everything struck me as huge. All these three were "innocent of garlic" in the words of the menu, a most lively and informative document well worth a read-through. There was plenty of garlic, also pepper, with the steak Barba Yanni, tasty enough if on the chewy side. It was a treat to eat vegetables properly cooked through; the green beans were a

delight, and were an object lesson as well.

The Greek wines on the list are probably worth avoiding with the middle course. Retsina, rather grimly described by an American expert as "an acquired taste", can be happily guzzled under that eastern Mediterranean sun, but over here I have always found it turns dull after a bit. Nor have I ever really taken to

Othello, the now well-known Cyprus red—a funny name under which to market a wine in England, I should have said, when you remember what sort of time Shakespeare's Othello had in Cyprus. I would advise something from the claret page. Its wines are said to be pricey, but you can get away well and reasonably enough at about £15. Consult the wine waiter.

"Sweets are not our strongest point", says the menu, not only modestly but in my experience quite falsely. Skip the marinated fruit salad, which is no better or worse here than anywhere else, and take the baklava, a Turkish confection of flaky pastry, honey and nuts, or halva (the word is originally Arabic), a sweetmeat of sesame flour and honey. The waiter apologized for the voghurt, explaining that it was not quite the real thing, ewe's milk not being available in the UK. But what he gave me was marvellous, powerfully acid enough to need the spoonful of honey on top. The point is that these desserts are sweet, to be gloried in as such, for once in your life. Wash them down with Commandaria, a deep-brown wine made in Cyprus from time immemorial, once famous throughout Europe and wonderfully, amazingly Finally, if you are still uncloved, call for a glass of Filfar, also from Cyprus, also of high quality, an orange-peel liqueur of the

curaçao family. Well, I say finally, but really finally is, of course, black coffee, and, of course, sweet, but not as sweet as possible, just medium, or métrio. It was called Turkish coffee for years, but since the Turkish invasion of Cyprus in 1974, Greek coffee is probably a more tactful name for it in a Greek restaurant.

To say that the service at the White Tower is second to none in London does not quite convey the feeling you get that everyone enjoys looking after you. That is the way of the Greeks, the most hospitable people I have ever been lucky enough to meet \bigcirc

The White Tower, 1 Percy Street, W1 (636 8141). Mon-Fri 12.30-2.30pm, 6.30-10.15pm. About £45 for two.



ECSTASY IN ESTORIL

Estoril, the sophisticated centre of the renowned Costa do Sol, often referred to as the Portuguese Riviera, or the Coast of Kings—being a favourite haunt of European Royalty in exile—is now home to **Estoril Garden**.

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The stylish comfort of the apartments is continued in the exterior ambience and amenities—inner patios are richly landscaped with fountains, trees and exotic bushes of flowers; walkways feature Portuguese cobblestone tiles and local limestone. One or two parking spaces, according to size of apartment, as well as ample storage are included. The condominium will offer a private, secluded swimming pool, a 24-hour security service and its shops will display a wide range of merchandise.

Estoril Garden provides, without doubt, not only a sound investment, with excellent prospects of appreciation, but also an exciting way of life. The micro-climate ensures long sunny days in Summer, balmy warm evenings in Spring and Autumn and a mild Winter. Its proximity to the small but vital and cosmopolitan capital city offers a plethora of social and cultural activities. We were not surprised when twenty of the fifty-eight apartments were reserved within the first week of release.

Prices for the remaining apartments in Phase I range from £71,400 to £185,000. VHS Video and colour brochure available on request.

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YOUR MAN IN LISBON

Southern comfort

Michael Broadbent follows the Rhône's southern and south-west reaches.

TRAVELLING down the Rhône, south of Tain l'Hermitage, the first small vineyard area is possibly the least known, Cornas, producing splendid reds of great depth. Here the outstanding grower and wine maker is Auguste Clape, though Robin Yapp, who knows the Rhône inside out, also admires the younger Robert Michel. Another grower, making massive old-style reds, is Noël Verset.

Next along, on the same right bank of the river across from Valence, is a district far better known in England in the early 19th century than nowadays, yet still quietly churning out a rather special sparkling wine, St Péray. It has slightly more colour than most champagnes, an appealing mouth-watering lemon gold, with lively mousse and a steady stream of bubbles. It is fresh smelling and different: a sort of clean oyster shell and walnut scent, distinctly dry, palatecleansing, appetite-whetting. The flavour is rather neutral—the Marsanne and Roussanne grapes are quite different from the Pinot and Chardonnay of Champagne-perhaps tasting of a twist of lemon and having a positive finish, unlike so many champagne look-alikes which just tail off. A méthode champenoise, brut, produced by A. Thiers, it costs about £6.50 retail. This compares not unfavourably with the 70 shillings a dozen paid for 'sparkling St Péray" at Christie's

A long way downstream from Valence but well short of Avignon, the scenery becomes totally different. The valley has broadened out. Instead of being on steep slopes the vines are planted in vineyards on an undulating plateau, all round the ancient town of Châteauneuf-du-Pape from which the wines, red and white, derive their name. Instead of one major grape variety, the Syrah, used in the north for the classic reds, there are 13 permitted varieties. The soil, too, is different. It consists of large pebbles. Some can be enormous. These pebbles act as night store heaters, so not only do the grapes enjoy-or suffer-from the hot southern sun all day long, but their undersides are warmed throughout the night. This results in ripe grapes with thick, tanned skins which give the wine its deep colour, while the high sugar content converts into a generous degree of alcohol, the highest minimum for any Appellation Contrôlée wine in France,

best known, with its jolly, fruity reds, and Tavel, which produces what has always been regarded as the only serious rosé.

Up in the hills just north of Carpentras is a dessert wine which has become quite a fad: Muscat de Beaumes-de-Venise.



The Beaumes-de-Venise vineyards, north of Carpentras.

The leading Châteauneuf growers include Christian Favet and the Gonnet brothers. Better known are some of the great estates, Château de Beaucastel, Domaine de Nalys, the ancient La Nerthe and Château Rayas, whose 1969 red I thought magnificent. Paul Jaboulet's Les Cèdres (white as well as red) is

and not infrequently over 14°.

always excellent.

Happily, few vintages are poor in the hot Rhône valley. The best 1986s, made from carefully selected grapes picked dodging heavy rain after a magnificent summer, will be excellent. 1985s are big, classic; 1984 good though relatively light; 1983 and 1982 good, particularly in the north; 1981 better in the south; 1980 successful; 1979 good; 1978 magnificent and pricy. But look out for the occasionally seen reds of the early 70s and 60s.

Most of the foregoing refers to the classic reds. But radiating in all directions from Châteauneufdu-Pape are a host of lesser districts. Perhaps Gigondas is the Generally inexpensive, golden coloured with an orange tinge, with its rather obvious honeyed muscatelle nose and taste, it is reliable and versatile. It is much more of a knockabout wine than Sauternes: a wine to take on picnics, for example, to accompany strawberries.

A typically attractive specimen from the Domaine de Corgeaux appeared, blind, at a British Airways tasting. It was very yellow, smelt of honey and apples, and had a delicious fresh raisiny taste. Infinitely the most refined I have tasted is Gérard Jaboulet's 1985 with a surprisingly pale straw colour, a fragrant grapy nose, and more like a Gewürztraminer than a coarse Muscat. It is sweet yet delicate, almost ethereal.

Avignon marks the southern boundary of the Rhône vineyards. One is then deflected due west to the Gard. There are vines dotted around everywhere but the wine is mostly indifferent.

It seems strange that Montpellier, at the apex of the Golfe de Lyon, with its famous school of oenology and, for nearly two centuries, *the* viticultural centre, should be flanked mainly by *vin doux* districts. Like St Péray, Lunel and Muscat de Frontignan, these sweet wines were better known—indeed widely consumed—in the British Isles in the 18th and early 19th centuries but are not considered serious now, except by the French. As for the vast tracts of vines clothing the hillsides from Narbonne to the Spanish frontier, the least said the better.

But, miraculously, a star has arisen. Its name is Mas de Daumas Gassac. Aimé Guibert, whose family used to be glove makers in Millau, bought a property an hour's drive north of Montpellier. He noticed, as a result of a landslip, an unusual soil formation. This was confirmed by a noted Bordeaux geologist. Another learned professor, the renowned oenologist, Emile Peynaud, advised and, lo and behold, an extraordinary wine was born.

The first vintage was, I believe, the 1980, made from 100 per cent Cabernet Sauvignon-very tannic and lacking length due to young vines. The 1981 had-still has-more vinosity; nice now, a bit lean but with good potential. The 1982 included 25 per cent Merlot, Cabernet Franc and Malbec (all Bordeaux grape varieties), is packed with fruit and has enormous potential. The 1983, 80 per cent Cabernet Sauvignon, is most fragrant, elegant, spicy—reminiscent of cinnamon and oak. The 1984, not quite such a favourable year, is a bit raw and tannic, but the 1985, tasted from a cask sample, is opaque. It looks as though one could stand a spoon in it and produces an intense blackcurrant aroma, almost port-like in richness and strength, with the slight sweetness of ripe grapes. It has a lovely flavour, great length and huge potential.

Alas, it has become very fashionable. Chic Parisians now know the wine. Production, at the moment, is limited. But at least it shows what *can* be done by a dedicated man of means, with a rare site and good advice. In an age of bland, bad and boring wines, the likes of M Aimé Guibert give one hope

FEW PLACES in Spain are as hot as Montilla. Yet in the cool cathedral-like atmosphere of the bodegas, a variety of delicate wines are produced. The pale straw-coloured, natural finos and light-golden medium wines are both particularly enjoyable when served chilled. Then there are the sweeter, creamier styles. These can be pale or dark and are excellent accompaniments to desserts. WINES FROM SPAIN SIERRA 22 MANCHESTER SQ LONDON WIM SAP



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London's falling standards

In some schools *EastEnders* is replacing Shakespeare on the curriculum. But Peter Wilby argues that what children need today is some old-fashioned inspiration.

WELL OVER a fifth of Inner London's children leave school without any qualifications at all. Their performance in examinations is so bad that they do not even merit a single CSE grade five, which requires little more than a few coherent sentences. Over England as a whole, only a tenth of school leavers do so badly.

Is this a scandal? Mrs Thatcher clearly thinks so: her governments have twice tried (and failed) to abolish the Labourcontrolled Inner London Education Authority. Now, a Bill is planned that will enable inner London boroughs, such as Westminster and Wandsworth, to opt out of the ILEA and run their own schools. Ministers gleefully point out that, while the ILEA's exam results are among the worst in the country, the authority is also one of the highest spenders. In 1984-85 it cost £1,941 to educate a child at an ILEA comprehensive while at the City of London School for Girls, a celebrated private school, annual fees were £1,875.

But things are not so simple. It is a truism of educational research that children's achievements are closely related to their social background. Those who come from homes where English is not the first language are at an obvious disadvantage. Additionally, those who come from impoverished homes, large families, one-parent families or highrise flats are less likely to pass exams than children from middle-class suburban homes. There are numerous theories as to precisely why this should be so, most of them unnecessarily elaborate. The common-sense explanations are best: lack of space for home study; parents too busy, too uncaring or too demoralized to insist on homework; excessive noise preventing quiet, reflective reading.

Of course, some children rise above such handicaps, just as some people smoke 40 cigarettes a day and live to 90. It is all a matter of averages, of odds for and odds against, which count for just as much in the educational race as in any sporting contest.

On all the criteria, the ILEA

starts with big handicaps. Its schools have about as much chance of topping the A level passes league as the driver of a family saloon has of winning the Monaco Grand Prix. On most indices of deprivation, the ILEA is well above the national average. More than one in five of its comprehensive pupils speaks a language other than English at home. Some of the outer London boroughs, such as Barking, Haringev and Newham, have social problems on the same scale. And their exam results are just as bad as the ILEA's. In the well-heeled, middle-class suburbs, such as Barnet, Bromley, Harrow and Richmond, at least a third of the children get five or more O levels, against fewer than 15 per cent in the poorer areas.

Statisticians have made a minor industry out of creating new league tables of exam results, which allow for social inequalities. They estimate the exam results that schools should get, given the home backgrounds of their pupils. Then they compare these estimates with the actual results. This puts the ILEA around the middle of the table, doing about as well as can be expected. comes near the bottom-though its exam results are well above the national average, they ought to be much better. Harrow, on the other hand, is still at the top—its results are even better than its considerable social advantages would

So can the argument be left there? Is inadequate raw material a sufficient excuse for schools that send thousands of children into the dole queue or dead-end jobs?

Many teachers and education officers, as well as politicians, think not. It is all very well to design a sort of handicapping system that explains away a school's poor results. The trouble is that no employer or university is going to adopt a similar system to excuse the child without O levels. If you are on the dole, without a qualification to your name, it is not much consolation to be told that some statistician reckoned you did jolly well

considering you came from a Swahili-speaking family of 10.

The danger is that the expectation that children will perform according to their social backgrounds becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy, even a modern version of keeping the working-classes in their place. "Oh, well, you can't expect any more, they come from such poor homes," say teachers, after another year's dismal results.

This refrain is not confined to London. In their reports on inner-city schools, Her Majesty's Inspectors repeatedly blame low teacher expectations for poor performance. Some schools seem to believe that a quite different curriculum is needed for the deprived, involving the study of EastEnders rather than Shakespeare, the history of the Old Kent Road rather than the Wars of the Roses. Others put so much emphasis upon sorting out children's social problems that they begin to neglect their academic role. But the majority just do not set high enough standards.

Expectation is enormously important in education. Children have no independent grasp of standards; they will do as much or as little as their teachers and parents expect, not necessarily out of laziness but because they have no other benchmarks to guide them. And, if they do lack motivation, they need not a special curriculum but a bit of old-fashioned inspiration in the teaching.

A report in April from the ILEA's own chief inspector underlines these points. "Underachievement is acknowledged by ILEA teachers to exist in almost all their schools. Low expectations are certainly a major contributory factor but so are dull, teacher-directed lessons. Inspectors only occasionally witness downright bad lessons. They quite often sit in on conscientiously prepared but tedious ones." The report also states that homework is set erratically, or often not at all, and sometimes unmarked. It is "very rarely differentiated to allow for the enthusiast or the slow learner".

For some teachers low expectations are almost a deliberate strategy. London tends to attract the idealistic, politically-aware, socially-conscious young teacher, who has a special interest in problems of deprivation. Some believe it wrong to impose competitive achievement values on working-class youngsters. Others, pointing out that education is not solely about exam results, want to develop ideas for multi-cultural and antiracist education.

Schools are familiar with the idea of multiple deprivation—children find it relatively easy to rise above one handicap, far more difficult to rise above several. Now, they need to grasp the idea of multiple expectation. Children succeed in middle-class areas because their parents expect them to do so, and teachers, in response, add to the expectation. Youngsters are surrounded by people who have succeeded through doing well at school.

In inner London and other poor areas many parents expect less of their children, often because they have done poorly at school themselves. pressure from parents, teachers expect less, too. The Islington, Chelsea and Blackheath middleclasses, who might provide high expectations, turn in frustration to the private sector. Thus the schools are trapped in a vicious circle, where achievement is low because everyone expects it to be. Increasingly, parents who have high ambitions for their children do not send them to ILEA schools.

To its credit, the ILEA has begun to recognize the problem. It is pinpointing the underperforming schools and sending in teams of inspectors to raise standards, and particularly to raise expectations. But it is a long, slow process. And the results may not come in time to save the authority from Mrs Thatcher's latest attack \bigcirc

Peter Wilby is Education Editor of The Independent and bas written several books including The Sunday Times Good Careers Guide

Murder in the cathedral

Henry Porter discovers that God likes parties, but He doesn't care for smokers.

THE RECTOR of St James's Piccadilly, Donald Reeves, is a contemporary man. This was made plain by his highly patterned sweater and the obvious pleasure he took in holding a book launch in his church. It would seem that the modern media-conscious vicar must now regard a publishing party as infinitely preferable to coffee after matins. For one thing it pulls in a good many more atheists off the street.

This party was to celebrate Christopher Hitchens's book, The Elgin Marbles, which urges the Government to return the Parthenon sculptures to Greece. It was paid for by the publishers Chatto & Windus. Quite what any of them had to do with St James's eluded everyone. The venue for such publishing launches never normally interests the writers, publishers and journalists who attend, but it did seem worthwhile to discover why Mr Hitchens, not a man known for his robust faith, chose a church for his celebration. Was there, perhaps, some connexion between the history of the Marbles and St James's? No. Was there an association between the publishers and the Reverend Reeves? No. In fact, the only pretext the publisher could offer, when pinned down on the matter, was that the church was a great work of architecture and the marbles ... "well, you know they're architectural, aren't vaguely they?

The Reverend Reeves found that there was a significance in the occasion but it seemed no less flimsy. Stepping up on to one of the pews, he urged the guests into the main aisle and announced that Mr Hitchens's book was, in a sense, about a moral issue and however secular that issue might be, it was still the church's business. He then moved on to another issue, that of drinking in church. "Some of you," he said, "may wonder whether it is right and proper for people to drink alcohol in a church." Indeed some of us had, and even the convinced atheists had shown a surprising reluctance to take their drinks and publishing gossip from the vestry into the nave of the church. The Reverend Reeves was most reassuring. "God is interested in all celebrations," he said. "He is as much interested in a party to celebrate a book as he is in the birth of a child or a wedding ceremony." If alcohol was part of these celebrations, all well and good: what the Almighty would

certed. But strangest of all were the down-and-outs who appeared in St James's entrance in the vague expectation of a cup of tea. As their eyes settled on the rows of bottles they must have wondered whether the whole affair was some sort of mirage.



not tolerate was parties at which people smoked.

The Reverend Reeves is a sane and benevolent man but after this remarkable peroration, one wondered whether there was a similarity in the condition of the Reverend Reeves and the Greek nation. Both appear to have lost their marbles.

The party, thereafter, moved into a higher gear. Generally, literary and media folk need no encouragement to drink, but after this almost divine blessing they attacked the drinks table in the vestry with a rare enthusiasm. The money lenders who were cast out of the temple by our Lord had nothing on this bunch. Although nobody became totally drunk, there was a good deal of loose talk among the tight, and as the evening progressed the scene became more and more bizarre.

A minor literary figure from New York who is cooling off in London for a year made a most indiscreet pass in the main entrance to the church. Despite the ban there was a woman busily smoking who absentmindedly let her ash fall into the offertory box; a group of wheyfaced Scandinavians, wearing born-again expressions and small ruck-sacks, paraded through the party looking utterly discon-

One managed to blend into the party, which required some skill, although on reflection his clothes were not much shabbier than those of the journalists. A more obvious tramp shuffled in and was quickly grabbed by two publicity girls in designer-built dresses and frog-marched out of the back door and into Jermyn Street

Aside from the unease about the sacrilegious aspects of the evening, it was still a good party. But what in heaven and earth was it all for? Generally the book launch is designed to acquire publicity for the book, at the same time as filling a venue with acquaintances of the author who are most likely to congratulate him or her on a book that they have not read. The literary editors of national newspapers and magazines are perceived as the main target of the publicity exercise which is odd because a good 70 per cent of them will have already decided whether the book will be reviewed or not.

The best sort of publicity is the coverage outside the literary pages. What the publishers look for in the autumn publishing boom are news stories, of which there are often quite a number, profiles of the author in the features pages and last, but by no means least, items in the gossip

columns. The publisher's dream is a book like *Spycatcher* by Peter Wright, which has received 10 years of consistent coverage. Regardless of its merits, the book will do well when and if it is published here simply by virtue of the publicity it has received.

These book launches characterize the intimate association between the Press and the energetic, usually feminine, publicity departments in the publishing houses. The parties will be many and varied this autumn. There will be gimmicky venues, though none so unusual as St James's, gimmicky drinks and personalities invited to give the parties more cachet and to catch the eye of gossip columnists and their photographers. It is a hugely successful operation and there can be few industries that match the publishers' manipulation of the

A classic example of this was the handling of an amusing account of the English cricketing tour of the West Indies by Frances Edmonds, the wife of the test cricketer, Phil Edmonds. It was published last summer and was the subject of a brilliantly orchestrated publicity campaign which placed Mrs Edmonds in all the national newspapers. At one point it looked as if she was running for public office.

For its part the Press deludes itself that the relationship is symbiotic. That is to say, that both sides benefit from the association. A moment's thought, however, reveals that the huge amount of free advertising acquired by the publishers is worth far more to them than the free material is to the journalists, particularly as so much of the latter is repetitious. The fact that this delusion persists makes the manipulation of the Press all the more effective.

So this autumn, when you read about occasions such as the evening at St James's, Piccadilly, you will know that somewhere in the background there lurks an author, a book and a publicity girl who make Jeffrey Archer look like a wallflower. The only surprising thing about the launch of *The Elgin Marbles* was that the Reverend Donald Reeves did not see how he was being used \bigcirc

An ill-fated marriage

Robert Blake reviews a new biography of Marie Antoinette.

Marie Antoinette

by Joan Haslip

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £14.95

This is a colourful and sympathetic account of someone who has always fascinated posterity. Joan Haslip has written excellent biographies of "Abdul the Damned", the Empress Elizabeth of Austria and Catherine the Great. They have deservedly been best sellers and there seems no reason why her life of Marie Antoinette should not achieve the same

It is a dramatic and tragic story, and the Queen's role was important-not in the sense that anything she could have done would have saved the monarchy, but different conduct might have saved her and her husband Louis XVI from the guillotine. Her selfishness and extravagance rubbed off on the King who was incapable of denying her every whim. Nor was she helped by her country of origin. The Austrian alliance was intensely unpopular in Paris. It was moreover detested by Louis XV's son, the Dauphin. He would never have allowed his son Louis Auguste, the future Louis XVI, to consolidate it with an Austrian marriage. But the Dauphin was dead by the time Marie Antoinette at 14 was deemed old enough in 1770 to

marry the new Dauphin, a shy, clumsy, corpulent boy of 16.

Marie Antoinette was the 15th child and eighth daughter of the Empress Maria Theresa, Her mother told her about "the facts of life" and gave her advice on the problems of marriage. But it was not very helpful. The Empress's husband, dead by then, had been a man of great, perhaps inordinate, sexual vigour. The difficulties of dealing with him were exactly the reverse of those that faced the youthful bride of Louis Auguste, who was psychologically impotent at the time of the marriage. The allegation that he had a "physical defect", though widely rumoured, was not true as events proved.

The marriage remained unconsummated for seven years. This was a serious matter affecting high politics. The birth of an heir was crucial, and, although consummation did not guarantee that it would occur, failure was disastrous. Eventually in April, 1777 Marie Antoinette's brother, the Emperor Joseph, an experienced amorist like his father, paid a visit incognito to Paris. His sister revealed what was wrong-the details do not matter-and Joseph gave her and Louis XVI, as he had become by then, one or two useful tips about

what to do. To his sister he said: "Get him to bed with you in the afternoon. It is no good waiting till after supper when he is already sunk in a state of apathy.' Louis was a redoubtable eater. What Joseph said to him is not recorded, but the advice must have been good. In August the Queen could tell her mother that at last all was well, and in April next year that she was pregnant. As for Louis, he told his spinster aunt, "Madame", Princess Adelaide, "hardly the person to appreciate the remark, that he only regretted having missed so much for so long"

Her first child was a daughter. This, of course, was a disappointment. The elder son of Louis's second brother, the Comte d'Artois, remained heir presumptive. But her next was a son, the unlucky Dauphin who died young and never came to the throne. There was another son who, surviving his father, counts genealogically as Louis XVII but who was in effect murdered by neglect at the hands of his revolutionary captors.

The story of the last years of these two utterly inadequate rulers is a sad and tragic tale. It has often been told before, but Joan Haslip describes it more vividly and movingly than her predecessors. Nor does her sympathy with their plight blind her to the defects of their characters. The key to the trouble with Louis XVI is well put by the author.

The old philosopher statesman Malesherbes, brought back into the government in 1787 just when the whole system was beginning to crack, urged Louis to put himself at the head of the movement for constitutional reform, still in moderate hands. 'Sire," he said, "a King who submits to a constitution feels himself disregarded. But a King who proposes a constitution adds to the glory of his reign and earns the eternal gratitude of the people. Create the constitution of your country, take your place in the world and do not be afraid of founding it on the rights of the people." Unfortunately, as the author observes, "Louis was incapable of following this advice. For all his weakness and timidity he was convinced of his divine right to rule and unable to see himself in any other role than that of a benevolent despot, the father of his people but of a people who had no right to challenge his authority.

This might have worked if he had been prepared to pursue a policy of blood and iron. On the contrary, Louis was determined never to cause a single Frenchman to shed his blood other than in time of war. No combination of qualities could have been more fatal. Add to it disastrous indecision, fatalistic apathy, and the unfailing bad advice of a wife whom he could not resist, and we have the very formula for the collapse of a monarchy \bigcirc

FICTION

Ripping yarn

BY IAN STEWART

Close Quarters

by William Golding Faber & Faber, £9.95

Two Lives and a Dream

by Marguerite Yourcenar Translated by Walter Kaiser Aidan Ellis, £9.95

The Last Armenian

by Francis Rolt

Hamish Hamilton, £10.95

The Beano

by Rony Robinson
Faber & Faber, £9.95
William Golding's Close Quarters
is the sequel to Rites of Passage
with which he won the Booker

Prize in 1980. Though in the earlier book the voyage to the Antipodes in 1814 of the superannuated man o' war remained uncompleted, there was no suggestion that a further volume would be written.

The narrator's journal of which *Rites of Passage* largely consisted was sewn up in sailcloth and locked in a drawer. Now that Golding has guided the young aristocrat Talbot back to it we have a sequel that concludes with a mischievous puff for a promised third volume.

As the ship staggers on its way, Talbot, whose godfather has got him a post in Australia, is still learning hard lessons in the school of life. But what keeps his head spinning now is less his perception of the hell of living with other people in a confined space than the consequence of trivial accidents like standing up

in the gundeck when he shouldn't and getting a nasty crack on the head from a flying sheet

A man with a weak head might be forgiven if his imagination seems to play tricks on him, and if it is not Talbot's head it is his heart. The idea of two British ships becalmed in the doldrums alongside each other jointly organizing a ball to while away the time overwhelms him with its absurdity. His infatuation with a young woman travelling on the neighbouring *Alcyone* inspires him to address Latin verses to her.

Because Close Quarters has not the mythic force of its predecessor we are more conscious of Golding's skill in using the convention of the maritime journal in the service of a gripping narrative. The near-capsizing of the ship, the loss of its masts, the

attempt to shield the passengers from the truth as the removal of weed from its underside threatens also to rip away its timbers-this is the stuff of a first-rate historical novel. It yields an admirably documented picture of life at sea in the early 19th century. Talbot remains haunted by the lurid death of his friend, the deeply disturbed Parson Colley, and is still liable to moments of metaphysical despair whenever he confronts the vast meaningless expanse of a tropical sea. But one's impression of the author relaxing his grip on the symbolic intensity of Rites of Passage is confirmed by the picaresque quality of the comic incidents and the occasional indulgence in literary anachronisms. After the escape from the doldrums it is "downhill all the way to the Antipodes" if the old hulk can make it. Talbot obvi-

The rise and fall of Nixon

BY LOUIS HEREN

Nixon: The Education of a Politician 1913-1962

by Stephen Ambrose Simon & Schuster, £16

Professor Ambrose's biography of Richard Nixon is another indication that the rehabilitation of the disgraced American president is under way. A respectful survey of his foreign policy by a former columnist of the *New York Times* was recently published, and this first of two volumes on his life and times may help to complete the process.

Ambrose, a distinguished historian and biographer, establishes that the young congressman who brought Alger Hiss to book was by prevailing standards a moderate, and not a more sophisticated Joe McCarthy. Unlike many other Republicans who wanted to quit Nato and still liberate eastern Europe, Nixon defended the Marshall Plan and fought for higher appropriations for Nato.

He reminds us that Nixon, or McCarthy for that matter, did not invent anti-Communism. The majority of Americans saw reds under the bed as well as in the State Department before they came to prominence. Senator Vandenberg told Truman that he would have to "scare hell out of the American people" if he wanted their support for aid to

Greece. A British diplomat said that Truman made the aid programme "seem hardly less than a declaration of war on the Soviet Union".

That said, Nixon seized his opportunities; he used every trick to advance his career. He always went for the jugular in election campaigns. But Ambrose recalls that Nixon had his grander moments, especially as Vice-President. He became a leading civil rights leader, and began his education in foreign affairs. He behaved well when attacked by a mob in Caracas.

He also behaved well when John Kennedy won the presidential election in 1960 with only a handful of the popular vote. There was good reason to believe that skulduggery in Texas and ballot-box stuffing in Chicago helped; but Nixon, who as Vice-President was required to make the formal announcement in Congress, accepted defeat with extraordinary dignity. Ambrose dismisses the belief that the television debates swung the election, though Nixon's heavy jowls and five o'clock shadow made a bad impression. He quotes a commentator who argued that there were no real differences between the two men. Both were sharp, ambitious, opportunistic, devoid of strong convictions and deep passions, whose only commitment was to personal advancement.

There were differences, and some were obvious. Kennedy was the son of a fabulously wealthy, politically powerful man; Nixon was the son of a struggling grocery-store owner. Kennedy studied at posh private



Napoleon holding court, from the painting by J-B. Regnault, illustrating *The Eagle in Splendour* by Philip Mansel, published by George Philip at £16.95.

schools and Harvard; Nixon at his local high school and community college. Kennedy was gregarious; Nixon a loner.

It could be argued that Nixon was the victim of social differences. His political career appeared to be meteoric, but he fought every inch of the way. Rich liberals despised him because of the investigation of Hiss, one of their own; the establishment men who ran the Republican party regarded him as a parvenu, fit only to do President Eisenhower's dirty work.

The closeness of the 1960

election prompts Ambrose to pose a question. If Nixon had won, what kind of a president would he have made had he taken office in January, 1961 instead of January, 1969? He does not provide an answer except to say that by the time Nixon finally got to the White House there was a great deal for him to be paranoid about. We shall have to wait for the final volume for this historian's judgment, but meanwhile his objectivity nurtures understanding if not sympathy for a president who resigned to avoid impeachment O

ously survives but in what circumstances only volume three can tell us.

The protagonist in An Obscure Man, the longest of the three stories in Marguerite Yourcenar's Two Lives and a Dream, is the son of a Dutch immigrant working as a carpenter for the navy at Greenwich. After spending four hard years in the New World, Nathanaël sails for Holland, Innocent and likeable, his life among the printers and prostitutes (one of whom he marries) of 17thcentury Amsterdam, and as valet to a wealthy former burgomaster, has a curious unpremeditated quality. We sense his intelligence though he seldom articulates it. Right up to the moment of his lonely tubercular death on one of the Friesian Islands we can see how, swept along on the stream of life, he conforms to Yourcenar's view of the human condition. Fables on this theme, however, are no worse for centring on characters more accessible and solidly realized than Nathanaël. A Lovely Morning is a short fantasy about Nathanaël's son who joins a company of English actors.

Much more satisfying is the novella Anna, soror . . . which tells of the doomed, incestuous relationship between a brother and a sister. Set in 16th-century Naples, it fairly throbs with baroque intensity. Here, too, as in An Obscure Man, the author's renowned gift for re-creating the past is evident. Whether describing a room full of compositors and proof-reading "word-pickers" bent over their cases and reference books in an Amsterdam printshop, or the crowded dangerous city of Naples under Spanish rule, she paints her pictures in three

dimensions and invites the reader to walk right in.

"A nation of conspirators who aren't happy unless they're part of at least one plot and know of at least two or three others." This is the view of Bangladesh expressed by an emancipated Muslim girl, Shiuli, in Francis Rolt's first novel The Last Armenian. It is against the background of plots, sinister messages and tribal guerrilla warfare that Shiuli and her lover, Charles, an English lecturer in Chittagong, investigate the cause of her adoptive father Jo's death in a car crash. This is an exciting story but also a thoughtful one in its examination of their different degrees of commitment to involvement in a dangerous game. While Charles tends towards compromise Shiuli risks imprisonment for compiling a dossier of the army's atrocities against the tribes.

Rony Robinson's portrait of a 1914 annual company outing to the seaside in The Beano is good-humoured and affectionate. There is a brass-band send-off for the employees of Britling's Brewery who are off to Scarborough for the day. In a kaleidoscopic sequence of sketches, the brewers and bottlewashers, clerks and apprentices are seen enjoying the varied delights of the Queen of Watering Places. Spa water is available at a ha'penny a draught and there is naturally no shortage of beer. Pranks played on the residents verge on mild vandalism; and a contralto and tenor from the Britling's Chapel Folk are among those who get left behind at the end of the day. It is all good fun despite Mr Robinson's attempt to give his story an edge of sadness by setting it 10 days before the outbreak of the First World War O

REVIEWS



Chorus girls in Stephen Sondheim's Follies. The musical with a line-up of glittering stars is revived 16 years after its Broadway appearance.

THEATRE

Showbusiness at the Shaftesbury

BY J. C. TREWIN

In the theatre, as in much else, hype represents a dangerous disease. A production over-hyped before arrival is likely to suffer by failing to keep too many promises.

Though I had feared that this might happen with Stephen Sondheim's musical, Follies, at the Shaftesbury, there was a feeling of achievement during the obligatory standing ovation.

We have been expecting Follies for a long time. The piece had seemed to go into hiding after disappointment on Broadway 16 years ago. The libretto then was greatly revised; this has been rewritten again and, alas, unexcitingly. Much more satisfying are four new Sondheim songs.

The setting of the musical is a showbusiness reunion in the Weismann Theatre, New York City in 1970. The theatre has to be pulled down and replaced by a block of flats; but nothing whatever can pull down a group of performers who had once shared

in its fame, and who have come back for a farewell gathering. Before any word is uttered we see a Follies girl from a lost era flickering through the cellophane curtains like a ghost on a haunted stage. Throughout, we are made conscious of the Follies' past.

That is a pleasantly imaginative idea. Yet, apart from the customary small talk—"You're alive!" the veterans say to each other, unflatteringly startled—the plot, such as it is, rests upon two men, neither of them theatrical, who used to call on "the girls upstairs". Each married the wrong partner and now in middle age is pondering on the past. So are their wives. Hence the constant re-enactment of youth, with such characters around (a device always perilous) as "young Sally", "young Phyllis", "young Ben"

Textually, the libretto fails to expand the promise of the original notion. Much of it, in consequence, depends on affection for a cast that assembles so many big names, not all from the lighter stage; Diana Rigg and Daniel Massey are among them. One of Sondheim's wittiest songlyrics—precisely entitled "I'm Still Here"—is put over superbly by Dolores Gray.

Mike Ockrent's production uses every effect available from Maria Björnson's lavish and peripatetic sets. Closing scenes (the traditional "Follies") merge into tedium; but the first-night audience, tireless after three hours, was cheering for more.

What counts above everything is Sondheim's music—wistful, vigorous, melodious—and fitted to such numbers as "Broadway Baby", sung with great élan by Margaret Courtenay; "Don't Look at Me" for Julia McKenzie, at her shining best, and Daniel Massey; "In Buddy's Eyes" (Miss McKenzie again); "The Right Girl" for David Healy; and "Could I Leave You!" for Diana Rigg. Everything returns to the theme of youth and love and middle age: nostalgia unconquerable \bigcirc

CINEMA

Through the eyes of a child

BY GEORGE PERRY

Millions of people must have been raised in those vast acreages of semi-detached suburbs that sprang up between the wars. London was embraced by a collar of them, many miles deep, cosy homes linked to the metropolis by the tentacles of Underground and Southern Electric. They are still there, of course, but no

longer the same. Double-glazing and roof extensions have embellished them, while in the high streets pizzerias and wine bars have supplanted the corner café. Supermarkets and filling stations occupy sites where once Odeons and Regals offered romantic escape for housewives, respite from their Ideal boilers and Ascot water heaters.

Why has this rich field attracted so few creative writers? No one, it seems, will admit to being a creature of the suburbs. If they are from the north they will lay claim to less bourgeois origins, while in the south the tendency is the other way. Suburban life is rarely portrayed beyond the occasional television sitcom.

Now John Boorman, the most literate of contemporary British directors, has constructed an autobiographical account of what it was like to be a child in an outer south-west suburb during the war. His family may have been suburban, but they were as vivid a bunch of eccentrics as any to be found in the salons of Bloomsbury.

In Hope and Glory the women tend to be the dominant partners, the men mostly having gone to war. The mother (Sarah Miles) handles the children as best she can—the small boy Bill (the young Boorman surrogate, -delightfully played by Sebastian Rice Edwards) and two daughters, Sue, an infant, and

Dawn, a flighty adolescent. Mother's three sisters, renamed for the film as Faith, Hope and Charity, are invariably incensed when their father, played by Ian Bannen, makes an annual maudlin Christmas toast to all the lovely girls he has known intimately, an embarrassing litany calculated to upset the party. Only his grandson, little Bill, is entirely on his side.

To make his film Boorman had to build on a disused Surrey airfield an entire street of wartime semis, flanked by allotments, with a gasworks at one end and a distant grey view of St Paul's ringed by barrage balloons at the other. The effect is startling in its accuracy.

The film is a picture of the war seen through the eyes of a small boy. It does not follow a strict time pattern, instead events tumble over themselves in quick succession as in mature reminiscence. A German pilot parachutes on to the cabbage patch and nonchalantly lights a cigarette as he awaits the policeman who will lead him away. A barrage balloon breaks free from its moorings and is shot down by a unit of Home Guard with their Lee-Enfields. The mother, with ecstatic bravado, rushes out into the front garden to watch the night lit up by a ferocious raid.

The family home is eventually reduced to ashes and they migrate up the Thames to the idyllic riverside haven of Shepperton, where near by a film crew is already re-creating the still-raging war in fictional terms.

This is the most personal of Boorman's films. Fellini and Truffaut have made autobiographical films with wartime settings, now it is a British director's turn. The look of this warm, affectionate recall is impeccable \bigcirc

OPERA

Ravel double bill delights

BY MARGARET DAVIES

Although not planned by the composer to be performed together, Ravel's two one-act operas *L'heure espagnole* and *L'enfant et les sortilèges* make a captivating double bill at this summer's Glyndebourne Festival and are to be performed in the autumn by the touring company. In Frank Corsaro's inventive pro-

ductions and Maurice Sendak's bewitching designs they appeal on different levels to all ages.

L'heure espagnole echoes the fashion in French music early this century, and Ravel's own special love, for all things Spanish. It is set in the house of the clockmaker Torquemada, whose job it is once a week to regulate the town clocks of Toledo. What happens once his back is turned and his wife's two lovers pay their weekly visit, only to find themselves being carted up and down stairs inside two grandfather clocks by the local muleteer, is the stuff of pure French farce.

Corsaro and Sendak have heightened the fantasy with their giant clockface set, complete with mechanical and human automata, apparently under the control of Torquemada himself.

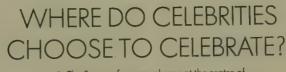
Anna Steiger is entirely convincing as the tantalizing honeypot Concepción and her singing is lustrous and sensuous. Her two lovers, the poet Gonzalve and the banker Gomez, are neatly contrasted by Thierry Dran and François Loup. The muleteer Ramiro, who finally wins the lady, is richly sung and portrayed with engaging simplicity by François Le Roux, while Rémy Corazza scores as the slightly surreal Torquemada.

Though it reflects Ravel's love for both children and animals, L'enfant et les sortilèges is singularly unsentimental where the former are concerned. Based on a poem by Colette, it is a cautionary tale of animals and inanimate objects turning on a naughty child who has ill-used them. When first performed in 1925 it must have presented insuperable problems to fulfil the stage directions; now Sendak has made brilliantly effective use of cinema techniques to present Fire and Arithmetic as dancing flames and leap-frogging numbers on a gauze front screen, and to lead us through an enchanted wood to the cottage where armchairs sing a duet, a teapot and cup dance a pas de deux, and a Fairy Princess emerges from a pop-up book.

The visual impact of both productions is intensified by Simon Rattle's faultless conducting of Ravel's entrancing music—vibrant and stylish in *L'heure*, magically atmospheric in *L'enfant*.

Cynthia Buchan is effectively tomboyish as the odious child and manages both tantrums and penitence without excess. Notable among the singers of the other 20 roles are Lillian Watson, who doubles as Fire and the Nightingale, and Harolyn Blackwell as the Princess \bigcirc





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Shades of Japan: Yukio Ninagawa's productions of Macbeth, above, and Medea, above right, are performed in Japanese at the National Theatre.

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

THEATRE

ILN ratings

**Highly recommended

★Well worth seeing

Where applicable a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

The Balcony

Jean Genet's long & monotonous play is revived elaborately by the RSC, with Dilys Laye as the mistress of the "house of illusion". Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Bless the Bride

Ruth Madoc, Una Stubbs, Gerald Harper & Simon Williams in the celebrated 1940s musical. Until Sept 26. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

*Fathers & Sons

Turgenev's novel of mid-19th-century Russia in a richly truthful, if selective, version by Brian Friel & with imaginative performances by Alec McCowen, Richard Pasco &, most affectingly, Robin Bailey. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

*Follies

Tremendous line-up of stars, including Diana Rigg & Julia McKenzie, for the revival of this musical. Sondheim fans will love the music, others might be disappointed by the feeble story-line. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, cc 379 4444). REVIEW ON P90.

The Great White Hope

Hugh Quarshie in his award-winning role as the first black heavyweight boxing champion of the world. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

Infidelities

Eleanor Bron & John Lynch in a new translation by William Gaskill of Marivaux's classic French comedy *La double inconstance*. Aug 25-Oct 3. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Light Up the Sky

Kate O'Mara forsakes *Dynasty* for Moss Hart's comedy about the try-out of a play in 1940s Boston. Directed by Elijah Moshinsky. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, cc 741 9999).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

Caroline Smith's pastoral production, with Ian Talbot as a good-tempered Bottom. Until Sept 12. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

★A Midsummer Night's Dream

Bill Alexander's Stratford production, now with David Haig as Bottom. Barbican.

Sammy Cahn (In Person) Words & Music

The legendary American lyricist who wrote such numbers as "My Kind of Town", "Come Fly With Me" & "High Hopes". Until Oct 4. Duke of York's, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 5122, cc 836 9837).

A Small Family Business

Ayckbourn's comedy about corruption in a family business grows steadily blacker, ending with a dénouement that is hard to accept. Olivier, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?

An odd title, explained at the end of a complex evening. The play, mattering less than its elaborate production, is a version by Ray Herman of an American novel by Horace McCoy about one of the agonizing dance marathons (this in Los Angeles) that occurred during the Depression of the 1930s. Ron Daniels directs a loyal RSC cast, but it's a mixed night. Mermaid.

The Wandering Jew

This five-hour marathon adaptation from Eugene Sue's novel is a sequence of melodramatic climaxes, interspersed by storytelling, & is never less than tedious. Lyttelton.

FIRST NIGHTS

Beyond Reasonable Doubt

Courtroom drama by Jeffrey Archer, with Frank Finlay as the chairman of the Bar Council accused of murdering his wife. With Wendy Craig & Andrew Cruickshank. Opens Sept 22. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

* The Bedroom Window (15)

Curtis Hanson has successfully constructed a Hitchcockian thriller in which little is what it appears to be. From her lover's window Isabelle Huppert sees another girl who is almost murdered. During the subsequent trial of the perpetrator the lover (Steve Guttenberg) testifies in her place, in order to protect her. Opens Sept.

★ The Big Easy (18)

Dennis Quaid is a laid-back, flippant New York cop & Ellen Barkin a glamorous attorney sent in to investigate police corruption. Sliding from foes to lovers, they untangle an ugly web. The acting & Jim McBride's stylish direction enliven what could have been a conventional thriller. Opens Sept 4. Warner, Leicester Sq, WC2 (439 0791, cc 439 1534); Cannons, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

The Big Town

British television director Ben Bolt's feature début has Matt Dillon in a *Hustler*-esque role as a smalltown boy

moving into big-time dice-shooting in 1950s Chicago. Tommy Lee Jones is excellent as an evil rival, & the sleazy atmosphere is a triumph of nostalgic production design. Opens Sept 4. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

★ Blind Date (15)

Bruce Willis is a junior executive who takes a beautiful date (Kim Basinger) to a client dinner to impress his boss, unaware that alcohol turns her into an uninhibited monster. Blake Edwards's glossy farce parades slapstick laughs & exaggerated characters, especially the psychotic boyfriend (John Larroquette).

★ Extreme Prejudice (18)

Walter Hill's thriller is a variation of *The Dirty Dozen* theme, with a group of exsoldiers, officially dead, carrying out a covert mission against drug baron Powers Boothe, across the Mexican border. They clash with Texas Ranger Nick Nolte. The excitement is mitigated by extreme violence, but Hill maintains a firm pace. Opens Sept 25. Cannon, Haymarket, SW1 (839 1527); Odeon, Kensington High St, W8 (602 6644, cc 602 5193); Prince Charles, Leicester Pl, WC2 (437 8181).

★ Good Morning, Babylon (15)

Charles Dance gives a slightly leaden portrayal of director D. W. Griffith,





Wartime childhood: Sebastian Rice Edwards and Geraldine Muir, centre, in John Boorman's film Hope and Glory, which opens on September 4.

The Emperor

Return of Jonathan Miller's production about the last days of Haile Selassie. Sept 8-Oct 3. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Macbeth

Yukio Ninagawa's production transposes the action from medieval Scotland to 16th-century Japan. In Japanese, with English synopsis. Sept 18-22. Lyttelton, National Theatre, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Medea

The Ninagawa company's version of Euripides's great revenge tragedy. Sept 24-26. Lyttelton.

Thursday's Ladies

Dorothy Tutin, Eileen Atkins & Siân Phillips as three childhood friends who meet each week for tea & gossip & relive scenes from their pasts. Opens Sept 9. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc 434 3598)

Ting Tang Mine

Première of new play by Nick Darke with Robert Glenister as a man who returns from the Napoleonic Wars to his Cornish village with a mysterious fortune. Opens Sept 23. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).

LONG RUNNERS

★★Antony & Cleopatra, Olivier, National Theatre (928 2252, cc); ★Breaking the Code, Comedy (930 2578); ★Brighton Beach Memoirs, Aldwych (836 6404); ★Cats, New

London (405 0072); ★Chess, Prince Edward (734 8951); *42nd Street, Drury Lane (836 8108); ★High Society, Victoria Palace (834 1317); ★★King Lear, Olivier; ★Kiss Me Kate, Old Vic (928 7616); ★Les Liaisons Dangereuses, Ambassador's (836 6111); **★Me & My Girl,** Adelphi (836 7611); ★Les Misérables, Palace (434 0909); The Mousetrap, St Martin's (836 1443); No Sex Please, We're British, ends Sept 5, Duchess (836 8243); ★The Phantom of the Opera, Her Majesty's (839 2244); ★Run For Your Wife, Criterion (930 3216); ★Starlight Express, Apollo Victoria (828 8665); ★Three Men on a Horse, Vaudeville (836 9987).

FRINGE

The Art of Success

Michael Kitchen as 18th-century artist William Hogarth. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, CC).

As Is

A personable young homosexual afflicted with Aids is rejected by his family in William M. Hoffman's drama. Until Sept 26. Half Moon, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000).

Comedians

Trevor Griffiths's 1975 play about an evening class of aspiring comedians, with Mark McGann as the angry young man of the group. Sept 21-Oct 17. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc 379 4444).

Curtain

Bridget Turner in a new play by Stephen Bill about a family's attitudes to euthanasia. Opens Sept 3. Hampstead, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

Kiddush

The Cameri Theatre from Tel Aviv reopen refurbished Bloomsbury Theatre with a Jewish family drama. From Aug 30-Sept 1. Bloomsbury, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629, cc 380 1453).

The Life of Napoleon

One-man show by John Sessions. Aug 25-Sept 26. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc).

The Light of Day

Graham Swannell's new comedy about an English marriage in crisis in Montmartre, with Claire Hackett, Nicola Pagett & Nigel Terry. Sept 2-Oct 3. Lyric Studio, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Perrier Pick of the Fringe

Nine hits from the Edinburgh Festival Fringe get a London airing. Sept 21-Oct 10. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, oc 379 6565).

This Savage Parade

Anthony Shaffer's thriller with Alfred Marks heading the cast. Sept 1-Oct 18. King's Head, 115 Upper St, N1 (226 1916).

Visiting Hour

Short comedy of bedside manners by Richard Harris, with Diane Bull, Russell Dixon & Marcia Warren. Sept 30, Oct 1, 6pm. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

HITS

Hope & Glory (15). John Boorman's poignant new film is based on his own experiences of childhood in wartime Britain. Opens Sept 4. Odeon, Haymarket (839 7697, cc). REVIEW ON P90. Serious Money. Caryl Churchill's brilliant comedy of City business framed, surprisingly, in rhyme. Wyndham's (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

The Woodner Collection. The most distinguished private collection of Old Master drawings assembled in recent years. It includes one of only three or four known drawings by Benvenuto Cellini. Royal Academy, Piccadilly (734 9052). Until Oct 25. Daily 10am-6pm. \$2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm \$1.70, children \$1.25.

MISSES

Celebrity Poohsticks. Christopher Reeve and other stars play Poohsticks from Waterloo to Hungerford bridges, as part of the Thamesday celebrations. Sept 12, 10am

Gilbert & George. More boring narcissism. The cute couple continue to con. Hayward Gallery, until Sept 27.

Melon. Alan Bates plays a publisher who suffers a breakdown because his wife has an affair. Prickly and strained. Theatre Royal, Haymarket. REVIEWED AUG, 1987.

making his grandiose 1916 film *Intolerance*, but the Taviani brothers' film has Italian romance & charm. Opens Aug 28. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, CC). REVIEWED AUG, 1987.

** Hamburger Hill (18)

John Irvin's film is an uncompromising story of US soldiers in Vietnam & their alienation from civilians back home. A moving & bitter indictment of war.

** Jean de Florette (PG)

Claude Berri's masterly film, set in mid-1920s Provence, with Gérard Depardieu as a newcomer to country living & Yves Montand as a malevolent neighbour. REVIEWED AUG, 1987.

★ Lethal Weapon (18)

Mel Gibson is a hard-edged Los Angeles cop with a suicidal streak, Danny Glover his older, married, concerned partner, in Richard Donner's formula action thriller. It is heaped with terrifying stunts, extended torture sequences & crisp, wisecracking dialogue as the two Vietnam veterans investigate a suicide. Opens Aug 28. Warner.

* Outrageous Fortune (15)

Shelley Long & Bette Midler are rival aspirant actresses in New York, one earnest & intense, the other a kook. They become reluctant partners when caught up in a daft thriller plot that transports

them to the New Mexico desert. Arthur Hiller's film, following the male "buddy movie" stereotype, entertains on the quality of its central performers. Opens Sept 4. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, \propto 839 1929).

★ Power (15)

Richard Gere is a media consultant, manipulating politicos into office, who discovers that he himself is being manipulated. Sidney Lumet directs this film about the marketing of politicians, but the strong cast, including Gene Hackman, Julie Christie, Kate Capshaw & Denzel Washington, does not entirely unravel the over-elaborate script.

* Rita, Sue & Bob Too (18)

Andrea Dunbar is the authentic voice of the northern tower block & her script for Bob Clark's film crackles with the vernacular & attitudes of 1980s schoolleavers. Siobhan Finneran & Michelle Holmes are two baby-sitting Bradford schoolgirls willingly seduced by the randy George Costigan. There is no mealymouthed evasion of sex, the main theme of this witty film. Prudes should abstain. Opens Sept 11. Cannon Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043); Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3. (435 3366, cc); Warner.







EXHIBITIONS

Assignments I. Celebration for the

publication of the first yearbook of the

recently-formed Press Photographers'

Association. It includes coverage of the

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tigious line-up of artists who have painted

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NATIONAL GALLERY

Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

5.45pm.



Abbado at the Proms; he conducts the Vienna Philharmonic on the penultimate night, Zamana Gallery; Jordanian landscape, centre, by Nicholas Egon.

MUSIC

ALBERT RALL 9465)

Henry Wood Promenade Concerts BBC Symphony Orchestra. Continuing this year's theme of Dance, David Atherton conducts Bartók's suite The Wooden Prince, followed by Shostakovich's Symphony No 7. Sept 1, 7.30pm

BBC Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC Singers & Symphony Chorus, Edward Downes, a specialist in Russian music, conducts Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto. with Dmitri Sitkovetsky as soloist, & Act II of Borodin's Prince Igor. Sept 2, 7.30pm.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. Zubin Mehta, the orchestra's music director, conducts Bruckner's Symphony No 8. Sept 3, 7,30pm.

Julian Bream Consort, with Robert Tear, tenor, perform Elizabethan & Jacobean music. St Paul's Church, Knightsbridge. Sept 5, 10pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Brighton Festival Chorus. André Previn conducts Walton's Viola Concerto. with Nigel Kennedy as soloist, & Ravel's ballet Daphnis & Chloë, Sept 8, 7,30pm. BBC Symphony Orchestra. Günter Wand conducts Stravinsky's third concert suite from The Firebird & Schubert's Symphony No 9. Sept 9, 7.30pm.

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. The Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 last of this year's foreign orchestras give two concerts. Leonard Bernstein conducts Mozart & Mahler, Sept 10, 7pm; Claudio Abbado conducts Beethoven's Choral Symphony, given by tradition on the penultimate night but preceded this year by Mozart's Serenade No 11 played by the Vienna Wind Soloists. Sept 11.

> BBC Symphony Orchestra & Chorus. Mark Elder incorporates both opera & dance in his programme for the last night, with the Symphonic Dances from Bernstein's West Side Story, the overture to Smetana's Bartered Bride, Ioan of Arc's farewell from Tchaikovsky's Maid of Orleans & Malcolm Arnold's English Dances, Set No 2. Sept 12, 7.30pm.

BARBICAN HALL Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc). Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, Zubin Mehta conducts Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Shlomo Mintz as soloist, & Mahler's Symphony No 1, Sept 2,

7.45pm. Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, sings arias by Mozart, Rossini, Bizet with the BBC Concert Orchestra under Bramwell Tovey. Sept 4, 7.45pm.

Philharmonic Soloists of Japan. Seiji 100 of Japan's leading musicians, former

works by Strauss, Mozart and Brahms. Sept 9, 7,45pm. London Symphony Orchestra &

Chorus. Lorin Maazel conducts Beethoven's Symphonies Nos 4 & 9, Sept 19: Mahler's Symphony No 2, Sept 22; Mahler's Symphony No 5, Sept 24: 7,45pm. English Chamber Orchestra, Alexander Gibson conducts the First Prize Winner of the Leeds International Piano Competition in a concerto to be announced, & works by Mozart & Haydn.

Sept 29, 7,45pm. FESTIVAL HALL

928 8800

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Georg Solti conducts Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, with Alfred Brendel as soloist, & Tchaikovsky's Symphony No 5, Sept 17: Bernard Haitink conducts Schumann's Piano Concerto, with Mitsuko Uchida as soloist, & Shostakovich's the Piano Concerto No 2, with Melvyn Symphony No 10, Sept 20; Klaus Tenn- Tan, fortepiano. Sept 17, 7.45pm. stedt conducts two concerts: Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with Maurizio Poliini as soloist, & Brahms's Symphony No 1, Sept 24; Prelude & Liebestod from Ozawa conducts an orchestra made up of Plowright, soprano, & Bruckner's Sym- & others in a series of morning, lunchphony No 7, Sept 30: 7,30pm.

pupils of the eminent teacher Professor Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields & Hideo Saito, who also taught Ozawa, in Chorus, Neville Marriner conducts Havdn's Harmoniemesse & Mozart's

> Davidde penitente. Sept 29, 7.30pm. Masters of Invention. The first of five organ recitals by masters of extemporization is given by Martin Haselböck from Vienna, who will improvise on a given theme & perform works representing three centuries of Austrian organ music.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Sept 30 5 55pm

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. The ensemble, along with the London South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc Sinfonietta & Alban Berg Quartett, begin three-year residencies at the South Bank Centre. For their first concert, directed by Iona Brown, they play Bach, Haydn, Stravinsky, Mozart. Sept 16, 7,45pm. London Classical Players launch their Beethoven series, under Roger Norrington, with the Symphonies Nos 1 & 6, &

WIGMORE HALL 36 Wigmore St. W1 (935 2141, cc). Haydn Festival. All Haydn's great string quartets, from Opus 20 onwards, will be Wagner's Tristan & Isolde, with Rosalind performed by the Lindsay String Quartet

time & evening recitals. Sept 12-20.

6nm. Wed in Sept until 8pm, Sun 2-6pm. NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY St Martin's Place, WC2 (930 1552). Faces for the Future. Some of the

many works not yet included in the permanent display. Includes portraits by Julian Trevelyan, Carel Weight & Arthur Hayward & Peter Edwards's large group painting of the Liverpool poets Adrian Henri, Roger McGough & Brian Patten. Photographic portraits of Wham!, Lenny besieged Bourj al Barajneh camp in Henry, Dennis Waterman & Gina Camp-Beirut, the Zeebrugge tragedy &, on a lighter note, the wedding of the Duke & bell. Until Oct 5. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

London première: costume designs by Marie-Jeanne Lecca, right, for the ENO's production of Pacific Overtures, opening on September 10.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

The Feathers Fly! Archaeopteryx is the creature whose skeleton includes the earliest known feathers & is assumed to be the link between dinosaurs & modern birds. However, controversy is raging about whether the 147 million-year-old fossil is in fact a forgery of the 1860s. Until mid-Dec.

Lord Rothschild-One Man & his Acquisition in Focus: Jacobus Museum. An introduction to the life & Blauw by Jacques-Louis David. The work of Walter Rothschild (1868-1937) National Gallery struggled for years to who bequeathed to the museum his obtain a major painting by David & finally succeeded in 1984. Blauw was a Dutch enormous collection of animals at Tring, in Hertfordshire, the greatest ever owned Republican patriot, sent to negotiate by one man. Until Sept 13. peace terms in 1795 with the French. The Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. £2, portrait is one of David's finest & most intense. Sept 16-Nov 15. Mon-Sat 10am-

concessions £1. Free Mon-Fri 4.30-6pm (except Aug 31). NEW ACADEMY GALLERY

34 Windmill St, W1 (323 4700). From Wapping to Waipoua. Etchings,

SPORT

collages & drawings of London & New Zealand by Brenda Hartill. Her subjects range from the gritty back streets of London to the lush antipodean bush-the Waipoua State Forest in the far north where the giant Kauri trees grow. Sept 9-Oct 3. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 11am-5pm. PHOTOGRAPHERS' GALLERY

5 & 8 Great Newport St, WC2 (831

George Rodger: a retrospective exhibition. First survey of the work of a major photojournalist-one of the great generation who emerged during the Second World War. His wartime work was followed by extensive travels in Africa. Sept 11-Oct 17. Tues-Sat 11am-7pm.

RIVERSIDE STUDIOS GALLERY Crisp Rd. W6 (741 2251).

Giacomo Balla. The first exhibition in Britain devoted to one of the most important Italian Futurists. Aug 26-Sept 27. Tues-Sun noon-8pm. Voluntary donation, suggested 50p.

ROYAL ACADEMY Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

SW6, Sept 8-12.

FIXING

GOLE

EQUESTRIANISM

Bedford. Sept 20.

Burlington House Fair. Smaller than the jamboree at the Dorchester, with a greater emphasis on works of art rather than furniture, this is now one of the most pleasurable in a rich annual calendar of antique & art fairs. Sept 9-20.

Burghley Remy Martin Horse Trials,

National Carriage Driving Cham-

King's Cup Air Race, Cranfield, near

Panasonic European Open, Walton

near Stamford, Lincs, Sept 10-13.

pionships, Windsor. Sept 18-20.

Daily 11am-7pm, Sept 9 until 8pm, Sept 20 until 6pm. Sept 9 £7, then £5.50, concessions £4 (includes illustrated handbook).

SCHUSTER GALLERY 14 Maddox St, W1 (491 2208).

David Roberts in Egypt & the Holy Land. Rare editions of Roberts's Egyptian & Holy Land prints. He visited these areas in 1838-39 & claimed to be the first professional artist to record what he discovered there. Sept 1-26. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080). 65 Years of Chanel. The history & development of the couture house since the early 1920s when Coco Chanel liberated women from the tyranny of corsets & introduced knitwear, trousers, the "little black dress" & her renowned tweed suit. There is a chance to bid for a 1930s Chanel crêpe de Chine evening gown (estimate £2,500-£3,500) in a sale on Sept 29. Sept 5-13. Mon-Sat 9.30am-4.30pm, Sun 10am-4pm.

ZAMANA GALLERY

1 Cromwell Gardens, SW7 (584 6612). Nicholas Egon. Jordanian landscapes -Petra & the Beida Tract-from the collection of King Hussein & Queen Noor of Jordan. Sept 30-Oct 18. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun noon-5.30pm.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2

(836 3161, cc 240 5258). Salome. The season opens with Joachim Herz's claustrophobic production of Richard Strauss's disturbing opera. Josephine Barstow repeats her masterly portrayal of the depraved, teenage princess, Norman Bailey sings Jokanaan, Felicity Palmer is Herodias & Mark Elder conducts. Sept 1, 5, 9, 16, 19, 22, 25,

Pacific Overtures. London première of Stephen Sondheim's musical, produced by Keith Warner & designed by Ralph Koltai. It is set in Japan in 1850 when American warships arrived to impose

western domination & is sung by an all- in 17th-century Italy to a commission for revival of Elijah Moshinsky's production, male cast. Sept 3, 4, 8 (previews), 10, 11, 12, 15, 17, 18, 23, 26, 30.

celebrate the centenary of the work's London première, conducted by Charles Mackerras, produced & designed by Philip Prowse. With Valerie Masterson as Leila, Adrian Martin as Nadir & Sergei Leiferkus, leading baritone of the Kirov Opera, Leningrad, as Zurga. Sept 21, 24, 20 SEE HIGHLIGHTS DIS

KENT OPERA AT THE SOUTH BANK Oueen Elizabeth Hall & Purcell Room. SEI (928 3191 cc 928 8800)

about the pastoral tradition, culminating The Pearl Fishers. A new staging to Judith Weir, A Night at the Chinese Opera, is based on a Chinese 13th-century Yuan conducted by Andrew Parrott. Sept 25-27.

BOYAL OPERA

Weekend of Opera, from its beginnings Tannhäuser. The season opens with a Daniels sings Musetta. Sept 18, 23, 26.

1987. Includes a day of talks & music conducted by Peter Schneider, with René Kollo & Klaus König sharing the title role, in a semi-staged performance of Mozart's Cheryl Studer as Elisabeth, Stefania Toc-Il re pastore, conducted by Ivan Fischer. zvska as Venus. Venusberg choreography The new opera commissioned from by Ian Spink. Sept 12, 16, 21, 24, 29, Faistaff, Ingvar Wixell sings the title role

in Ronald Eyre's production, with Ileana play. Preceded by a symposium & a Cotrubas & Anne Howells as Alice & Meg. traditional lion dance on the terrace, it Brigitte Fassbaender as Mistress Quickly will be performed in the afternoon & . Jonathan Summers as Ford. Jeffrey Tate conducts, Sept 17, 19, 22, 25, 28, 30.

La Bohème. Mirella Freni & Luis Lima Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, sing Mimi & Rodolfo: Paolo Coni makes his house début as Marcello, & Barbara

BALLET

ROYAL THAI DANCERS Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, WC1 (278

8916, oc). The Festival of Thailand gets off to a colourful start with fiery acrobatic folk dances & Thai classical dance with its characteristic hand & foot movements. Sent 30-Oct 10

THE TERRACOTTA ARMY Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1

(928 3161, cc 928 8800). From the People's Republic of China, a spectacular dance drama of the emperor's warriors, inspired by the army of 2,000-year-old terracotta figures unearthed near Xian in 1974. Sept 1-5.

World Championships, Rome. Aug 29-

McVitie's Challenge Invitation, Crystal Palace, SE19, Sept 13. IAAF Grand Prix final, Brussels. Sept

Peugeot Talbot Westminster Mile, road race starts & finishes in Whitehall, SW1. Sept 20, 2.30pm.

CRICKET NatWest Bank Trophy final, Lord's, NW1. Sept 5. ASDA Cricket Challenge: Lancs V

Heath, Surrey. Sept 10-13. HORSE RACING Derby, Sept 6; Yorks v Hants, Sept 7; Doncaster meeting (includes Holsten Baths, Blackpool, Lancs. Sept 16-20. final, Sept 8. Scarborough, N Yorks.

Pils St Leger, Sept 12), Sept 9-12. President's Cup, Hurlingham Club, Festival of British Racing, Ascot. Sept 26. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P19.

Newmarket meeting (includes Tattersalls' Cheveley Park Stakes, Sept 30). Sept 30-Oct 3.

PÉTANOUE

Piat British Open Championships final, Osterley Park, Isleworth, Middx. National Trust properties have been used for the championship—the final to be held in a grand setting. Sept 12. SEE HIGH-

LIGHTS P12. SWIMMING

European Sun Life Masters', Derby



65 Years of Chanel: an exhibition at Sotheby's from September 5 to 13.

OTHER EVENTS

Victoria & her People. Lecture series as part of the V & A commemoration of the 150th anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession, culminating in an evening of Gilbert & Sullivan. Sept 1, 3, 8, 10, 15, 17, 6.45pm. Victoria & Albert Museum, Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6371). Lectures £5 each, G & S evening £8.

Summer Evenings. A look at this month's featured paintings by Claude, Poussin, Canaletto, Guardi & Gainsborough, to appropriate musical accompaniments. Sept 2, 9, 16, 23, 30, 6.30pm. National Gallery, Trafalgar Sq, WC2 (839 3321).

Electric Weekend. Exploration of the world of electro-acoustic music: Nigel Osborne, Jonathan Harvey, Stephen Montague & Simon Emmerson give an illustrated talk, Sept 11, 6.15pm, Queen Elizabeth Hall, £2; The Mask of Orpheus, Harrison Birtwistle talks about his opera.

Sept 13, 2.30pm, Purcell Room, £3. South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Clown Convention. Jesting, japes & jollification as dozens of clowns compete to attract the biggest crowd. Sept 13, 11am. Covent Garden Piazza, WC2.

Tree. The great actor-manager Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, renowned for his humour, eccentricity & epigrammatical wisdom, is portrayed by Ronald Fernee in a one-man show. Sept 26, 1.15pm. British Museum Lecture Theatre, Great Russell Street, WC1 (323 7114).

"Just Take the Picture!" Norman Parkinson delivers the first talk in the National Art-Collections Fund wideranging autumn lecture series. Sept 29, 6.30pm. £3. Season ticket for 10 talks, £25 (members £20). Royal Geographical Society, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (telephone bookings to 821 0404).

BOOK NOW

London Marathon, April 17, 1988. Application forms available Sept 1-30 from branches of the Nationwide/Anglia Building Society.

Olympia International Showjumping, Dec 16-20. Tickets available Sept 14 from the Box Office, Earl's Court Exhibition Centre, Warwick Rd, SW5 9TA (373 8141).

Pantomime bookings. Time to bag the best seats for Christmas shows: Cannon & Ball in Babes in the Wood, Dec 21-Feb 27, London Palladium (437 7373, cc); The Pied Piper returns with Sylvester McCoy in the title role, from Nov 4, National Theatre (928 2252, cc); Winnie-the-Pooh on stage, Nov 24-Jan 31; Royalty, WC2 (831 0660, cc); Cinderella, Dec 4-Jan 2, Shaw Theatre (388 1394, cc); Lyle the Crocodile, new musical by Charles Strouse, Dec 3-

Jan 9, Lyric Hammersmith (741 2311, cc); **The Sooty Wild West Show,** Dec 14-Jan 2, May Fair (629 3037).

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden (240 1066/1911, cc). Telephone booking from September 1 for Le nozze di Figaro (from Oct 27), & Die Entführung aus dem Serail (starts Nov 9); & the Royal Ballet's Swan Lake (starts Oct 16), Stravinsky triple bill The Firebird, Scènes de ballet & Rite of Spring (starts Oct 24), triple bill The Dream, Galanteries & The Concert (starts Nov 14).

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, J. C. Trewin. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London numbers if calling from outside the capital.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (–) **Boycott on Boycott** by Geoffrey Boycott

Macmillan, £14.95

2 (2) Hammer: Witness to History by Armand Hammer & Neil Lyndon Simon & Schuster, £14.95 Extraordinary tale of an amazing

millionaire.
3 (-) Period Details by Judith &

Mitchell Beazley, £14.95

Martin Miller

How to refurbish your manor house.

4 (4) **An Affair of State** by Phillip Knightley

Jonathan Cape, £12.95

What was the truth about Profumo and Stephen Ward?

5 (-) Cricket, XXXX Cricket by Frances Edmonds
Heinemann, £9.95

6 (10) Vivien: The Life of Vivien Leigh by Alexander Walker

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £12.95

7 (-) Stamp Album by Terence Stamp

Bloomsbury, £11.95 The star's early life.

8 (1) **The Life of my Choice** by Wilfred Thesiger

Collins, £15

A great traveller explains.

9 (-) **Charles** by Penny Junor Sidgwick & Jackson, £12.95

10 (-) The Struggles for Poland by Neal Ascherson

Michael Joseph, £14.95 An excellent exposé of Poland.

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (-) **Dirk Gently's Holistic Detective Agency** by Douglas Adams Heinemann, £9.95

2 (1) **Rage** by Wilbur Smith Heinemann, £11.95

3 (9) Close Quarters by William Golding

Faber & Faber, £9.95

4 (–) **The Songlines** by Bruce Chatwin

Cape, £10.95

5 (2) **Sarum** by Edward Rutherford Century, £9.95

6 (4) The Radiant Way by Margaret Drabble

Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95

7 (3) Einstein's Monsters by Martin Amis

Jonathan Cape, £5.95

8 (5) **Destiny** by Sally Beauman Bantam Press, £10.95

9 (–) **The Hermit of Eyton Forest** by Ellis Peters

Headline, £9.95

10 (-) **The Sisters** by Pat Booth Century, £9.95

PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (-) **Backcloth** by Dirk Bogarde Penguin, £3.50

Last volume of the actor's autobiography.

2 (-) If This is a Man by Primo Levi

Sphere, £3.95
Picaresque autobiography.

3 (1) I, Tina by Tina Turner & Kurt Loder

Penguin, £2.95

4 (4) Another Bloody Tour by Frances Edmonds

Fontana, £2.50

5 (-) Heroes by John Pilger

Pan, £4.50

Crusading journalist's report from the firing lines.

6 (-) Wiseguy: Life in a Mafia Family

Corgi, £2.95

7 (3) **Proms Guide '87**

BBC, £1.50

8 (-) Ari: The Life and Times of Aristotle Socrates Onassis by Peter Evans

Penguin, £3.50

9 (2) **Fit for Life** by Harvey Diamond Bantam Books, £3.50

10 (-) Moronic Inferno by Martin Amis

Penguin, £3.50

Sharp, incisive essays on America.

PAPERBACK FICTION

 $1 \quad (-)$ **A Matter of Honour** by Jeffrey Archer

Coronet, £2.95

2 (10) **Act of Will** by Barbara Taylor Bradford

Grafton Books, £3.95

3 (1) The Power of the Sword by Wilbur Smith Pan, £2.95

4 (2) The Magic Cottage by James Herbert

New English Library, £3.50

5 (-) An Insular Possession by Timothy Mo

Pan Books, £3.95

6 (-) The Handmaid's Tale by Margaret Atwood

Virago, £3.95

7 (4) **1'll Take Manhattan** by Judith Krantz

Bantam Books, £3.95

8 (-) The Raven in the Foregate by Ellis Peters

Futura, £1.95

9 (3) **Dark Angel** by Virginia Andrews Fontana, £2.95

10 (–) **The Nudists** by Guy Bellamy Penguin, £2.95

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.

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Richard Ingrams is unexpectedly converted to the American way.

"IS THIS really your first trip to the States?" puzzled Americans kept saying as I wandered for a week round their country in a dazed and jet-lagged state, trying to adjust to their strange ways. They find it difficult to grasp how in the course of a 50 year life I have managed to keep away.

Having now been to America I can understand better my reluctance to go in the first place. People say: "You can see it all on TV every night." And it is perfectly true. You can see it all—the hideous skyscrapers, the long, ugly cars, the traffic lights saying "Walk" or "Don't Walk". You can tell, equally well from the telly, that there is precious little in the way of sights to be seen—nice old buildings and churches—which is what normally makes you feel like going somewhere.

At first sight, too, the place seems disappointingly similar to the country you have left behind. Why have I spent seven hours getting to Philadelphia, I wondered, when it reminds me so much of Manchester—only with taller buildings and much hotter?

What you don't bargain for and what the television cannot convey is the wacky atmosphere. Some places, like Ireland, make you want to sink into a lethargy and dream beautiful dreams. America has exactly the opposite effect—at least on me. I feel tremendously buoyed up, energetic and ready for anything.

This is nature's way of helping you to cope with one of the great hazards of America—the Bores. It was Charles Dickens who reported back from the States: "I am quite serious when I say that I do not believe there are, on the whole earth besides, so many intensified bores as in these United States. No man can form an adequate idea of the real meaning of the word without coming here." He did not go on to say that in the electric atmosphere of America even the bores take on an allure. Suddenly one can cope with bores. Boring is beautiful. Send on the bores. Apart from anything else, they are tremendously funny. This again is something the telly doesn't prepare you for-the unintentional humour of America.



My friend Alexander Chancellor, who guided me round the sights of Washington, told me of an early experience in the US which helped to shape his view of the place. He had boarded a plane when an air hostess plonked a huge American-style breakfast in front of him, then sat down in the adjacent seat, nudged him in the ribs and giving him a playful smile asked, "What's missing?"

Embarrassed and tittery like the old-fashioned Englishman he is, Chancellor begged her to explain. "We ran out of maple syrup!" cried the stewardess giving him another playful nudge.

While agreeing that America was basically funny, Chancellor was keen to disillusion me of my other ideas about the place. There were, he emphasized, lots of wonderful old buildings to see. So, after a cursory look at the Capitol and the White House ("You're supposed to say how small it is and how near to the road"), we drove to Georgetown where he is comfortably based as head of *The Independent's* prestigious Washington bureau.

If Philadelphia is like Manchester, Georgetown is America's answer to Hampstead—decaying 18th-century houses built of those red bricks which are darker, more durable but not so pleasing as our own.

Georgetown is the smart place to live in Washington. Round the corner from Alexander is the capital's most celebrated hostess-Evangeline Bruce, widow of a former Ambassador to the Court of St James. If you are lucky you can catch a glimpse of her chauffeur, Truman, polishing the limo. Georgetown is therefore a good place for an Englishman to come, as snobbish Americans "just love" all things English and will even have their books sent out to them from Heywood Hill of Curzon Street when they could more easily and cheaply buy them in the bookstore round the corner.

But, however much they try, the Americans cannot match our skills in the House and Garden department. For all its wealth, Georgetown has an unkempt air. The little front gardens, such as they are, are uncared for, and the wide brick pavements are covered with weeds. In his urge to sell me America, Alexander drove me out on a lovely hot sunny Sunday morning to Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's home in the Virginian hills. This is the nearest thing they have to a national shrine, a Palladian mansion on a miniature scale designed by Jefferson himself in an effort to show what can be done by saving space. Thus his bed acts as a boundary between his dressing room and his study, giving the effect of three rooms in one.

Unfortunately we were only able to glimpse this and other ingenuities through the window as, the house being so small and the queue of visitors so long. there was a wait of over an hour to get in. Alexander shrewdly drew my attention to the lack of black faces in the queue and reminded me that the house was built and maintained by a huge army of slaves—an important and interesting fact that is not mentioned in the brochure. (So the Russians are not the only ones to edit their history omitting the uncomfortable facts.)

Unable to get into the house, we admired the view from the back, looking down on a vast expanse of woodland without a single building to be seen in any of it. From the other side, Jefferson was able to see Charlottesville and the buildings of the University of Virginia which, again, he himself had designed.

On our way down the hill from Monticello, Alexander remarked on another curious fact about Americans: "If you look at them they always smile. I find that rather disconcerting." Personally I said I found it rather nice, and a pleasant change from the dour, suspicious looks one gets from one's fellow countrymen.

In fact what is nice about America is not the scenery or the skyscrapers (which are hideous) or even Monticello which is not a patch on most of our Grade II buildings. It is the smiling, open attitude of the American people. On my-last morning in Georgetown I found myself confronted in the main street by a large, beaming, bearded man. "Good morning sir," he cried. "I'm a bum! Would you give me some money?"

No cringeing. No pretence about cups of tea. A frank straightforward approach to the situation. I immediately fished in my pocket for all available change—something I would never do in England—and decided I would probably be back quite soon \bigcirc

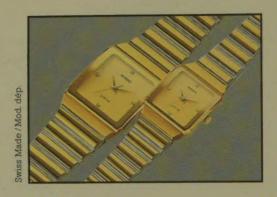
Richard Ingrams, an author, is the former editor of Private Eye.



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